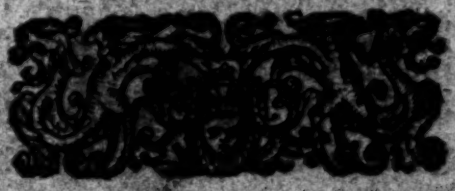
A KING and NO KING.

Acted at the *Blacke-Fryars*, by his MAIESTIES Seruants.

And now the second time Printed, according to the true Copie.

Written by FRANCIS BEAMOVNT and IOHN FLECHER.



LONDON,
Printed for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to be sold at his shop at the Eagle and Childe in *Britans-Burse*. 1625.

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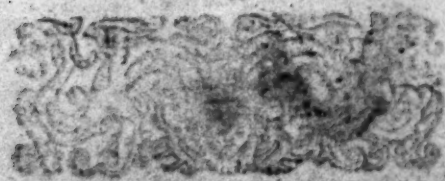

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Printed for Thomas [illegible] are to be sold at
his shop at the [illegible] Childe in
Brittans-Bu[illegible] 25.

A KING AND NO KING.

Enter Mardonius *and* Bessus, *two Captaines:*

Mar. *Essus*, the KING haz made a faire hand on't, he haz ended the warres at a blow, would my sword had a close basket hilt to hold wine, & the blade would make kniues, for we shall haue nothing but eating and drinking.

Bes. We that are Commanders shall doe well enough.

Mar. Faith *Bessus* such Commanders as thou may, I had's liue set thee *Perdue* for a pudding 'yth darke, as *Alexander* the great.

Bes. I loue these iests exceedingly.

Mar. I thinke thou lou'st 'em better then quarrelling *Bessus*, Ile say so much 'ithy behalfe, and yet thou'rt valiant enough vpon a retreate, I thinke thou wou'dst kill any man that stopt thee if thou cou'dst.

Bes. But was not this a braue combate *Mardonius*?

Mar. Why, didst thou see't?

Bes. You stood wi' me.

Mar. I did so, but me thought thou wink'st eu'ry blow they strooke.

Bes. Well, I beleeue there are better Souldiers then I, that neuer saw two Princes fight in lists.

Mar. By my troth I thinke so too *Bessus*, many a thousand, but certainly all that are worse then thou haue seen as much.

Bes. 'Twas bravely done of our King.

Mar. Yes, if he had not ended the warres: I'me glad thou dar'st talke of such dangerous businesses.

Bes. To take a Prince prisoner in the heart of's owne Countrey in single combate.

Mar. See how thy bloud crudles at this, I thinke thou couldst be contented to be beaten for this passion.

Bes. Shall I tell you truly.

Mar. I.

Bes. I could willingly venter for't.

Mar. Vm, no venter neither *Bessus*.

Bes. Let me not liue if I doe not thinke t'is a brauer peece of seruice then that I'me so fam'd for.

Mar. Why, art thou fam'd for any valour?

Bes. Fam'd, I, I warrant you.

Mar. I'me eene heartily glad on't, I haue beene with thee ere since thou cam'st to th' Warres, and this the first word that euer I heard on't, prethee who fames thee.

Bes. The Christian world.

Mar. 'Tis heathenishly done of 'em, in my conscience thou deserv'st it not.

Bes. Yes, I ha' done good seruice.

Mar. I doe not know how thou may'st waite of a man's Chamber, or thy agility in shifting a Trencher, but otherwise no seruice good *Bessus*.

Bes. You saw me doe the seruice your selfe.

Mar. Not so hastily sweet *Bessus*, where was it, is the place vanish'd.

Bes. At *Bessus* desp'rate redemption.

Mar. At *Bessus* desp'rate redemption, where's that.

Bes. There where I redeem'd the day, the place beares my name.

Mar. Pray thee who Christ'ned it.

Bes. The Souldier.

Mar. If I were not a very merily dispos'd man, what would become of thee: one that had but a graine of choller in the whole composition of his body, would send thee of an errand to the Worme, for putting thy name vpon that field:

did not I beate thee there'th head, a'th trouper with a trunchion, because thou wouldst needs run away with thy company, when we should charge the enemy.

Bes. True, but I did not runne.

Mar. Right *Bessus*, I beat thee out on't.

Bes. But came not I vp when the day was gone, and redeem'd all.

Mar. Thou knowest, and so doe I, thou meant'st to flie, and thy feare making thee mistake, thou ran'st vpon the enemy, and a whot charge thou gau'st, as Ile doe thee right, thou art furious in running away, and I thinke, we owe thy feare for our victory, if I were the King, and were sure thou wouldst mistake alwayes, and runne away vpon th'enemy, thou shouldest be Generall by this light.

Bes. Youle neuer leaue this till I fall foule.

Mar. No more such words deere *Bessus*, for though I haue euer knowne thee a coward, and therefore durst neuer strike thee, yet if thou proceed'st, I will allow thee valiant, and beate thee.

Bes. Come, our King's a braue fellow.

Mar. He is so *Bessus*, I wonder how thou cam'st to know it, but if thou wert a man of vnderstanding, I would tell thee, he is vaine-glorious, and humble, and angry, and patient, and merry, and dull, and ioyfull and sorrowfull in extremity, in an houre: Doe not thinke me thy friend for this, for if I car'd who knew it, thou should'st not heare it *Bessus*, Here he is with his prey in his foote.

Enter &c. Senet Flourish.

Enter Arbaces *and* Tigranes *two Kings, &c.*

Thogwa Gentlemen.

Arb. Thy sadnesse braue *Tigranes* takes away
From my full victory, am I become
Of so small fame, that any man should grieue
When I 'ore come him, They that plac'd me here,
Intended it an honour large enough
For the most valiant hiding, but to dare

Oppose me single, though he lost the day,
What should afflict you, you are free as I,
To be my prisoner is to be more free
Then you were formerly, and neuer thinke
The man I helde worthy to combate me
Shall be vs'd seruily: Thy ransome is
To take my onely Sister to thy wife,
A heauy one *Tigranes*; for she is
A Lady, that the Neighbour Princes send
Blancks to fetch home, I haue beene too vnkinde
To her *Tigranes*, Shee but nine yeare old
I left her, and nere saw her since, your Warres
Haue held me long, and taught me, though a youth,
The way to victory; Shee was a pretty childe
Then, I was little better, but now fame
Cryes loudely on her, and my messengers
Make me beleeue shee is a miracle;
Sheele make you shrinke as I did with a stroake,
But of her eye *Tigranes*.

Tigr. Is't the course of *Iberia* to vse their prisoners thus?
Had Fortune throwne my name aboue *Arbaces*,
I should not thus haue talked sir, in *Armenia*
We hold it base, you should haue kept your temper
Till you saw home againe, where 'tis the fashion
Perhaps to bragge.

Arb. Be you my witnesse earth, need I to bragge,
Doth not this captiue Prince speake
Me sufficiently, and all the Acts
That I haue wrought vpon his suffering Land;
Should I then boast? where lies that foot of ground
Within his whole Realme, that I haue not past
Fighting and conquering; Farre then from me
Be ostentation, I could tell the world
How I haue laid his Kingdome desolate
By this sole Arme propt by Diuinity,
Stript him out of his glories, and haue sent
The pride of all his youth to people graues,
And made his Virgins languish for their Louers,

If I would brag, should I that haue the power
To teach the Neighbour world humility
Mixe with vaine-glory?

Mar. Indeed this is none.

Arb. *Tigranes.* Nay did I but take delight
To stretch my deeds as others doe on words,
I could amaze my hearers.

Mar. So you doe.

Arb. But he shall wrong his and my modesty,
That thinks me apt to boast after an Act
Fit for a good to doe vpon his foe,
A little glory in a Souldiers mouth
Is well becomming, be it farre from vaine.

Mar. Tis pitty that valour should be thus drunke.

Arb. I offer you my sister, and you answer
I doe insult, a Lady that no sute
Nor treasure, nor thy Crowne could purchase thee,
But that thou faughtst with me.

Tigr. Though this be worse
Then that you spake before, it strikes me not,
But that you thinke to ouer-grace me with
The marriage of your sister, troubles me,
I would giue worlds for ransomes were they mine,
Rather then haue her.

Arb. See if I insult
That am the Conquerer, and for a ransome
Offer rich treasure to the Conquered,
Which he refuses, and I heare his scorne,
It cannot be selfe flattery to say,
The daughters of your Countrey set by her,
Would see their shame, runne home and blush to death
At their owne foulnesse; yet she is not faire,
Nor beautifull, those words expresse her not,
They say her looks haue something excellent,
That wants a name; yet were she odious
Her birth deserues the Empire of the world,
Sister to such a Brother, that hath tane
Victory prisoner, and throughout the earth,

Carries her bound, and should he let her loose,
Shee durst not leaue him, Nature did her wrong
To print continuall conquest on her cheeke,
And make no man worthy her for to take,
But me that am too neere her, and as strangely
Shee did for me, but you will thinke I bragge.

Mar. I doe Ile be sworne. Thy valour and thy passions seuer'd, would haue made two excellent fellowes in their kindes: I know not whether I should be sorry thou art so valiant, or so passionate, would one of vm were away.

Tigr. Doe I refuse her that I doubt her worth,
Were she as vertuous as she would be thought,
So perfect that no one of her owne sex
Could finde a want, had she so tempting faire,
That she could with it coyne for damning soules
I would pay any ransome, twenty liues
Rather then meete her married in my bed,
Perhaps I haue a loue, where I haue fixt
Mine eyes not to be mou'd, and shee on me,
I am not fickle.

Arb. Is that all the cause?
Thinke you, you can so knit your selfe in loue
To any other, that her searching sight
Cannot dissolue it? So before you tri'd
You thought your selfe a match for me in fight,
Trust me *Tigranes*, she can doe as much
In peace, as I in Warre, Sheele conquer too,
You shall see if you haue the power to stand
The force of her swift looker, if you dislike,
Ile send you home with loue, and haue your ransome
Some other way, but if shee be your choise,
She frees you: To her as you must.

Tigr. Sir, I haue learn'd a Prisoners sufferance,
And will obey, but giue me leaue to talke
In priuate with some friends before I goe.

Arb. Some to awaite him forth, and see him safe,
But let him freely send for whom he please,
And none dare to disturbe his Conference.

I will

I will not haue him know what bondage is *Exit Tigranes.*
Till he be free from mee; This Prince *Mardonius*
Is full of wisedome, valour, all the graces,
Man can receiue.

Mar. And yet you Conquer'd him.

Arb. And yet I conquer'd him, and could haue
Had'st thou ioyn'd with him, though thy name in Armes
Be great; Must all men that are vertuous
Thinke suddenly to match themselues with mee,
I conquered him, and bravely; did I not?

Bes. And please your Maiesty I was afraid at first.

Mar. When wert thou other?

Arb. Of what?

Bes. That you would not haue spy'd your best aduantages, for your Maiesty in my opinion lay too high, me thinks, vnder fauour, you should haue layne thus.

Mar. Like a Taylor at a Wake.

Bes. And then, if please your Maiestie to remember, at one time, by my troth, I wish'd my selfe wi' you.

Mar. By my troth, thou would'st ha stuncke 'em both out of o'th Lists.

Arb. What to doe?

Bes. To put your Maiestie in minde of an occasion; you lay thus, and *Tigranes* falsified a blow at your legge; which you by doing thus auoided; but if you had whip'd vp your legge thus, and reach'd him on the eare, you had made the bloud-Royall runne about his head.

Mar. What Country Fence-schoole learn'st that at?

Arb. Pish, did not I take him nobly?

Mar. Why you did, and you haue talked enough on't.

Arb. Talke enough,
will you confine my words, by Heauen and Earth,
I were much better be a King of Beasts
Then such a people: If I had not patience
Aboue a god, I should be cal'd a Tirant
Throughout the World. They will offend to death
Each minute: Let me heare thee speake againe
And thou art earth againe: why this is like

Tigranes Speech, that needs would say, I brag'd.
Bessus he said I brag'd.
Bes. Ha ha ha.
Arb. Why dost thou laugh?
By all the world I'me growne ridiculous
To my owne Subiects: Tye me in a Chayre
And iest at me, but I shall make a stare
And punish some, that other may take heede
How they are haughty, who will answere me?
He said I boasted, speake *Mardonius*,
Did I? Hee will not answere, O my Temper!
I giue you thankes aboue, that taught my heart
Patience, I can endure his silence; what will none
Vouchsafe to giue me answere? am I growne
To such a poore respect, or doe you meane
To breake my winde? Speake, speake, some one of you,
Or else by Heauen,
1 *Gent.* So please your,
Arb. Monstrous,
I cannot be heard out, they out me off
As if I were too sawcy. I will liue
In woods, and talke to trees, they will allow me
To end what I beginne. The meanest Subiect
Can finde a freedome to discharge his soule,
And not I, now it is a time to speake,
Hearken.
1 *Gent.* May it please.
Arb. I meane not you,
Did not I stop you once? but I am growne
To balke, but I defie, for another speake.
2 *Gent.* I hope your Maiesty.
Arb. Thou drawst thy words,
That I must waite an houre, where other men
Can heare in instants; throw your words away
Quicke, and to purpose, I haue told you this.
Bes. And please your Maiesty.
Arb. Will thou dewoure me? this is such a rudenesse
As yet you neuer shew'd me, and I wonder

Power to command too, else *Mardonius*
Would speake at my request; were you my King,
I would haue answered at your word *Mardonius*,
I pray you speake, and truely, did I boast?
Mar. Truth will offend you.
Arb. You take all great care what will offend me,
When you dare to vtter such things as these.
Mar. You told *Tigranes*, you had won his Land,
With that sole Arme propt by Diuinitie;
Was not that bragging, and a wrong to vs
That daily venterd liues?
Arb. O that thy Name
Were great as mine, would I had paid my wealth,
It were as great, as I might combate thee,
I would through all the Regions habitable
Search thee, and hauing found thee, wi' my Sword,
Driue thee about the world, till I had met
Some place that yet mans curiositie
Hath mist of; there, there would I strike thee dead:
Forgotten of Mankinde, such funerall rites
As beasts would giue thee thou shouldst haue.
Bes. The King rages extreamely, shall we slinke away?
He'le strike vs.
2 *Gent.* Content.
Arb. There I would make you know 'twas this sole arme,
I grant you were my Instruments, and did
As I commanded you, but 'twas this Arme
Mou'd you like wheeles, it mou'd you as it pleas'd:
Whither slip you now? what are you too good
To waite on me? puffe, I had need haue temper
That rule such people; I haue nothing left
At my owne choyse, I would I might be priuate:
Meane men enioy themselues, but 'tis our curse,
To haue a tumult that out of their loues
Will waite on vs, whether we will or no;
Goe get you gone? Why here they stand like death,
My word moues nothing.
1 *Gent.* Must we goe?

Bef. I know not.

Arb. I pray you leaue me Sirs, I'me proud of this,
That will be intreated from my sight: *Exeunt all but*
Why now they leaue me all: *Mardonius*, *Arb. and Mar.*

Mar. Sir.

Arb. Will you leaue me quite alone? me thinkes
Ciuility should teach you more then this,
If I were but your friend: Stay here, and waite.

Mar. Sir, shall I speake?

Arb. Why you would now thinke much
To be denied, but I can scarce intreat
What I would haue: doe speake.

Mar. But will you heare me out?

Arb. With me you article to talke thus: well
I will heare you out.

Mar. Sir, that I haue euer lou'd you, my sword hath spoken for me, that I doe, if it be doubted, I dare call an oath a great one to my witnesse, and were you not my King, from amongst men, I should haue chose you out to loue aboue the rest: nor can this challenge thanks: for my owne sake I should haue done, because I would haue lou'd the most deseruing man, for so you are.

Arb. Alas *Mardonius*, rise, you shall not kneele,
We all are soldiers, and all venter liues:
And where there is no difference in mens worths,
Titles are ieasts: who can out-valew thee?
Mardonius thou hast lou'd me, and hast wrong,
Thy loue is not rewarded, but beleeue
It shall be better, more then friend in armes,
My Father, and my Tutor, good *Mardonius*.

Mar. Sir, you did promise you would heare me out.

Arb. And so I will speake freely, for from thee
Nothing can come but worthy things and true.

Mar. Though you haue all this worth, you hold some qualities that doe Eclipse your vertues.

Arb. Eclipse my vertues?

Mar. Yes your passions, which are so manifold, that they appeare euen in this: when I commend you, you bug mee

for

for that truth: but when I ſpeake your faults, you make a ſtart, and flie the hearing: but,

Arb. When you commend me? O that I ſhould liue
To need ſuch commendations: If my deeds
Blew not my praiſe themſelues about the earth,
I were moſt wretched; ſpare your idle praiſe:
If thou didſt meane to flatter, and ſhould'ſt vtter
Words in my praiſe, that thou thoughtſt impudence,
My deedes ſhould make 'em modeſt: when you praiſe
I hugge you; 'tis ſo falſe, that wert thou worthie
Thou ſhould'ſt receiue a death, a glorious death
From me: but thou ſhalt vnderſtand thy lies,
For ſhouldſt thou praiſe me into heauen, and there
Leaue me inthron'd, I would deſpiſe thee though,
As much as now, which is as much as duſt,
Becauſe I ſee thy enuy.

Mar. How euer you will vſe me after, yet for your owne promiſe ſake, heare me the reſt.

Arb. I will, and after call vnto the windes,
For they ſhall lend as large an eare as I,
To what you vtter: ſpeake.

Mar. Would you but leaue theſe haſty tempers, which I doe not ſay take from you all your worth, but darken 'em, then you would ſhine indeed.

Arb. Well.

Mar. Yet I would haue you keepe ſome paſſions, leſt men ſhould take you for a god, your vertues are ſuch.

Arb. Why now you flatter.

Mar. I neuer vnderſtood the word, were you no King, and free from theſe moods, ſhould I chooſe a companion for wit and pleaſure, it ſhould be you, or for honeſtie to enterchange my boſome with, it would be you, or wiſedome to giue me counſaile, I would picke out you: or valour to defend my reputation, ſtill I ſhould finde you out; for you are fit to fight for all the world, if it could come in queſtion: Now I haue ſpoke, conſider to your ſelfe, finde out a vſe? if ſo, then what ſhall fall to me is not materiall.

Arb. Is not materiall? more then ten ſuch liues

As mine *Mardonius*; it was nobly ſaid,
Thou haſt ſpoke truth, and boldly ſuch a truth
As might offend another. I haue beene
Too paſſionate, and idle, thou ſhalt ſee
A ſwift amendment; but I want thoſe parts
You praiſe me for: I fight for all the world:
Giue thee a ſword, and thou wilt goe as farre
Beyond me, as thou art beyond in yeares,
I know thou dar'ſt and wilt; it troubles me
That I ſhould vſe ſo rough a phraſe to thee,
Impute it to my folly, what thou wilt,
So thou wilt pardon me, that thou and I
ſhould differ thus.

Mar. Why 'tis no matter Sir.

Arb. Faith but it is, but thou doſt euer take
All things I doe thus patiently, for which
I neuer can requite thee, but with loue,
And that thou ſhalt be ſure of. Thou and I
Haue not beene merry lately: pray thee tell me
Where hadſt thou that ſame iewell i'thine eare?

Mar. Why at the taking of a Towne.

Arb. A wench vpon my life, a wench *Mardonius*
Gaue thee that Iewell.

Mar. Wench, they reſpect not me, I'me old and rough, and euery limbe about me, but that which ſhould growes ſtiffer: I'thoſe buſineſſes I may ſweare I am truely honeſt: for I pay iuſtly for what I take, and would be glad to be at a certainty.

Arb. Why doe they wenches incroach vpon thee?

Mar. I by this light doe they.

Arb. Didſt thou ſit at an old rent with 'em?

Mar. Yes faith.

Arb. And doe they improue themſelues?

Mar. I, ten ſhillings to me, euery new yong fellow they come acquainted with. Enter *Beſſus*, and the two *Gent.*

Arb. How canſt liue on't?

Mar. Why I thinke I muſt petition to yon.

Arb. Thou ſhalt take them vp at my price.

Enter two *Gentlemen* and *Beſſus*. *Mar.*

Mar. Your price.

Arb. I at the Kings price,

Mar. That may be more then I'me worth.

2 *Gent.* Is he not merry now?

1 *Gent.* I thinke not.

Bes. He is, he is, weele shew our selues.

Arb. *Bessus*, I thought you had beene in *Iberia* by this, I had you hast; *Gobrias* will want entertainement for me.

Bes. And please your Maiestie I haue a sute.

Arb. Is't not lowsie *Bessus*, what is't?

Bes. I am to carry a Lady with me,

Arb. Then thou hast two sutes.

Bes. And if I can preferre her to the Lady *Panthea* your Maiesties sister, to learne fashions, as her friends terme it, it will we worth something to me.

Arb. So many nights lodgings as 'tis thither, wilt not?

Bes. I know not that sir, but gold I shall be sure of.

Arb. Why thou shalt bid her intertaine her from me, so thou wilt resolue me one thing.

Bes. If I can.

Arb. Faith 'tis a very disputable question, and yet I think thou canst deside it.

Bes. Your Maiestie haz a good opinion of my vnderstanding.

Arb. I haue so good an opinion of it: 'tis whether thou be valiant.

Bes. Some body haz traduced me to you: doe you see this sword Sir?

Arb. Yes.

Bes. If I doe not make my back-biters eate it to a knife within this weeke, say I am not valiant. *Enter a Messenger.*

Mes. Health to your Maiestie.

Arb. From *Gobrias*?

Mes. Yes Sir.

Arb. How does he, is he well?

Mes. In perfect health.

Arb. Take that for thy good newes.
A trustier seruant to his Prince there lives not

Then

Then is good *Gobrias*.

1 *Gent*. The King ſtarts backe.

Mar. His bloud goes backe as faſt.

2 *Gent*. And now it comes againe.

Mar. He alters ſtrangely.

Arb. The hand of heauen is on me, be it farre
From me to ſtruggle; if my ſecret ſinnes
Haue pul'd this curſe vpon me, lend me teares
I'now to waſh me white, that I may feele
A childe-like innocence within my breaſt;
Which once perform'd, O giue me leaue to ſtand
As fix'd as conſtancy her ſelfe, my eyes
Set here vnmou'd, regardleſſe of the World,
Though thouſand miſeries incompaſſe me.

Mar. This is ſtrange, Sir, how doe you?

Arb. *Mardonius* my mother:

Mar. Is ſhe dead?

Arb. Alas ſhee's not ſo happy, thou doſt know
How ſhe hath labour'd ſince my Father died
To take by treaſon hence this loathed life,
That would but be to ſerue her, I haue pardon'd
And pardon'd, and by that haue made her fit
To practiſe new ſinnes, not repent the olde;
She now had ſtir'd a ſlaue to come from thence,
And ſtrike me here, whom *Gobrias* ſifting out
Tooke and condem'd and executed there
The careful'ſt ſeruant: Heauen let me but liue
To pay that man; Nature is poore to me,
That will not let me haue as many deaths
As are the times that he hath ſau'd my life,
That I might die 'em ouer all for him.

Mar. Sir, let her beare her ſins on her own head,
Vexe not your ſelfe.

Arb. What will the world
Conceiue of me? with what vnnaturall ſinnes
Will they ſuppoſe me loden, when my life
Is ſought by her that gaue it to the world?
But yet he writes me comfort here, my Siſter

Hee

He sayes is growne in beauty and in grace,
In all the Innocent vertues that become
A tender spotlesse maide: she staines her cheekes
With mourning teares to purge her Mothers ill'
And mongst that sacred dew she mingles prayers,
Her pure Oblations for my safe returne:
If I haue lost the duty of a sonne,
If any pompe or vanity of state
Made me forget my naturall offices;
Nay farther, if I haue not every night
Expostulated with my wandring thoughts,
If ought vnto my Parent they haue er'd,
And cal'd 'em backe: doe you direct her arme
Vnto this foule dissembling heart of mine:
But if I haue beene iust to her, send out
Your powre to compasse me, and hold me safe
From searching treason; I will vse no meanes
But praier: for rather suffer me to see
From mine owne veines issue a deadly floud,
Then wash my danger off with Mothers bloud.

Mar. I nere saw such sodaine extremities. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.

Tigr. Why? wilt thou haue me die, *Spaconia*,
What should I doe?

Spa. Nay, let me stay alone,
And when you see *Armenia* againe,
You shall behold a Tombe more worth then I,
Some friend that either lou'e me or my cause,
Will build me something to distinguish me
From other women, many a weeping verse
He will lay on, and much lament those Maides
That place their loues vnfortunately high
As I haue done, where they can neuer reach:
But why should you goe to *Iberia*?

Tigr. Alas, that thou wilt aske me; aske the man
That rages in a feauer why he lies
Distemper'd there, when all the other youths
Are coursing ore the Meadowes with their loues?

Can I resist it? am I not a slaue
To him that conquer'd me?

Spa. That conquer'd thee, *Tigranes* he has won but halfe of
Thee, thy body, but thy minde may be as free
As his, his will did neuer combate thine,
And take it prisoner,

Tigr. But if he by force
Conuey my body hence, what helpes it me
Or thee to be vnwilling?

Spa. O *Tigranes*,
I know you are to see a Lady there,
To see, and like I feare; perhaps the hope
Of her makes you forget me; ere we part
Be happier then you know to wish farewell.

Tigr. *Spaconia* stay and heare me what I say:
In short, Destruction meete me that I may
See it, and not auoide it when I leaue
To be thy faithfull Louer: part with me
Thou shalt not, there are none that know our loue,
And I haue gin gold to a Captaine
That goes vnto *Iberia* from the King,
That he will place a Lady of our Land
With the Kings sister that is offer'd me;
Thither shall you, and being once got in,
Perswade her by what subtile meanes you can
To be as backward in her loue as I.

Spa. Can you imagine that a longing maide
When she beholds you, can be pul'd away
With words from louing you?

Tigr. Dispraise my health,
My honestie, and tell her I am iealous
Spa. Why, I had rather loose you: can my heart
Consent to let my tongue throw out such words,
And I that euer yet spoke what I thought,
Shall finde it such a thing at first to lie?

Tigr. Yet doe thy best. *Exit Tigranes.*

Bes. What is your Maiestie ready?

Tigr. There is the Lady, Captaine.

Bes.

Bef. Sweet Ladie by your leaue, I could wish my selfe more full of Courtship for your faire sake.

Spa. Sir, I shall feele no want of that.

Bef. Ladie, you must hast, I haue receiued new letters from the King, that requires more hast then I expected, hee will follow me so dainly himselfe, and begins to call for your Maiestie alreadie.

Tigr. He shall not doe so Lord.

Bef. Sweet Ladie shall I call you my charge hereafter?

Spa. I will not take vpon me to gouerne your tongue Sir, you shall call me what you please.

The end of the First Act.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Gobrias, Bacurius, Arane, Panthea, and Mandane, waiting-women, with Attendants.

Gob. MY Lord *Bacurius*, you must haue regard
Vnto the Queene, she is your prisoner,
Tis at your perill if she make escape.

Bac. My Lord I know't, she is my prisoner
From you committed, yet she is a woman,
And so I keepe her safe, you will not vrge mee
To keepe her close, I shall not shame to say
I sorrow for her.

Gob. So doe I my Lord;
I sorrow for her that so little grace
Doth gouerne her: that she should stretch her arme
Against her King, so little woman-hood
And naturall goodnesse, as to thinke the death
Of her owne Sonne.

Arane. Thou know'st the reason why,
Dissembling as thou art, and wilt not speake.

Gob. There is a Ladie takes not after you,
Her Father is within her, that good man
Whose teares waide downe his sinnes, marke how she weepes,
How well it does become her, and if you

Can finde no diſpoſition in your ſelfe
To ſorrow, yet by gracefulneſſe in her
Finde out the way, and by your reaſon weepe:
All this ſhe does for you, and more ſhe needes,
When for your ſelfe you will not looſe a teare,
Think how this want of griefe diſcredits you,
And you will weepe, becauſe you cannot weepe.

Ara. You talke to me as hauing got a time
Fit for your purpoſe, but you know I know
You ſpeake not what you thinke.

Pan. I would my heart
Were ſtone, before my ſoftneſſe ſhould be vrg'd
Againſt my Mother, a more troubled thought
No Virgin beares about; ſhould I excuſe
My Mothers fault, I ſhould ſet light a life
In looſing which, a brother and a King
Were taken from me; if I ſeeke to ſaue
That life ſo lou'd, I looſe another life
That gaue me being, I ſhall looſe a Mother,
A word of ſuch a ſound in a childes eare
That it ſtrikes reuerence through it: may the will
Of Heauen be done, and if one needes muſt fall,
Take a poore Virgins life to anſwere all.

Ara. But *Gobrias* let vs talke, you know this fault
Is not in me as in another Mother.

Gob. I know it is not.

Ara. Yet you make it ſo.

Gob. Why is not all that's paſt, beyond your helpe?

Ara. I know it is.

Gob. Nay, ſhould you publiſh it
Before the world, thinke you it wood be beleeu'd?

Ara. I know it would not.

Gob. Nay, ſhould I ioyne with you,
Should we not both be torne, and yet both die
Vncredited?

Ara. I thinke we ſhould.

Gob. Why then
Take you ſuch violent courſes, 'tis for me,

I doe but right in sauing of the King
From all your plots.

Ara. The King?

Gob. I bad you rest with patience and a time
Would come for me
To reconcile all to your owne content;
But by this way, you take away my powre,
And what was done vnknowne was not by me
But you: your vrging being done
I must preserue my owne, but time may bring
All this to light, and happily for all.

Aran. Accursed be this ouercurious braine
That gaue that plot a birth, accurst this wombe
That after did conceiue to my disgrace.

Bac. My Lord Protector, they say there are diuers letters come from *Armenia*, that *Bessus* has done good seruice, and brought againe a day, by his particular valour, receiu'd you any to that effect.

Gob. Yes, tis most certaine.

Bac. I me sorry for't, not that the day was wonne, but that 'twas wonne by him: wee held him here a coward, & did mee wrong once, at which I laughed, and so did all the world, for nor I, nor any other held him worth my sword.

Enter Bessus *and* Spaconia.

Bes. Health to my Lord Protector, from the King these letters: and to your Grace Madam, these.

Gob. How does his Maiestie?

Bes. As well as conquest by his owne meanes and his valiant Commanders can make him: your letters will tell you all.

Pan. I will not open mine till I doe know
My Brothers health, good Captaine is he well?

Bes. As the rest of vs that fought are.

Pan. But how's that? is he hurt?

Bes. Hee's a strange Souldier that gets not a knocke.

Pan. I dot not aske how strange that Souldier is
That gets no hurt, but whether he haue one.

Bes. He had diuers.

Pan. And is he well againe?

Bef. Well againe, an't please your grace, why I was runne twice through the body, and shot i'th head with a crosse arrow, and yet am well againe.

Pan. I doe not care how thou dost, is he well?

Bef. Not care how I doe? let a man out of the mightinesse of his spirit, fructifie forraine Countries with his bloud for the good of his owne, and thus he shall be answered, why? I may liue to relieue with speare and shield, such a Lady as you distressed.

Pan. Why, I will care, I'me glad that thou art well, I prethee is hee so?

Gob. The King is well, and will be here to morrow.

Pan. My prayers are heard: now will I open mine.

Gob. Bacurius I must ease you of your charge:
Madame the wonted mercy of the King,
That ouertakes your faults, hath met with this,
And strooke it out, he hath forgiuen you freely,
Your owne will is your law, be where you please.

Arane. I thanke him.

Gob. You will be ready,
To waite vpon his Maiestie to morrow.

Aran. I will. *Exit Aran.*

Bac. Madam be wise hereafter:
I am glad I haue lost this office.

Gob. Good Captaine *Bessus* tell vs the discourse betwixt *Tigranes*, and our King, and how wee got the victory.

Pan. I prethee doe, and if my Brother were in any danger, let not thy tale make him abide there long before thou bring him off, for all that while my heart will beate.

Bef. Madam, lee what will beat, I must tell the truth, and thus it was; they fought single in lists, but one to one, as for my owne part, I was dangerously hurt but three dayes before, else perhaps we had been two to two, I cannot tell, some thought we had, and the occasion of my hurt was this, the enemy had made Trenches.

Gob. Captaine, without the manner of your hurt bee much

much materiall to this busines, weele hear't some other time.

Pan. I prethee leaue it, and goe on with my Brother.

Bes. I will, but 'twould be worth your hearing: To the lists they came, and single sword and Gauntlet was their fight.

Pan. Alas.

Bes. Without the lists there stood some dozen Captaines of either side mingled, all which were sworne, and one of these was I: and 'twas my chance to stand next a Captaine oth'enemies side, called *Tiribasus*; valiant they sayd he was: whilst these two Kings were stretching themselues, this *Tiribasus* cast something a scornefull looke on me, and ask't me whom I thought would ouercome: I smilde and told him, if he would fight with me, he should perceiue by the euent of that whose King would win: something he answered, and a scuffle was like to grow, when one *Zipetus* offered to helpe him, I–

Pan. All this is of thy selfe, I pray thee *Bessus* Tell something of my brother, did he nothing?

Bes. Why yes, Ile tell your Grace they were not to fight till the word giuen, which for my owne part, by my troth I confesse I was not to giue.

Pan. See, for his owne part.

Buc. I feare yet this fellow's abus'd with a good report.

Bes. But I.

Pan. Full of himselfe.

Bes. Cri'd giue the word, when as some of them say, *Tigranes* was stooping, but the word was not giuen then, yet one *Cosroes* of the enemies part, held vp his finger to me, which is as much with vs Martialists, as I will fight with you: I said not a word, nor made signe during the combate, but that once done.

Pan. He slips ore all the fight.

Bes. I cal'd him to me, *Cosroes* said I:

Pan. I will heare no more.

Bes. No, no, I beg–

Buc. I dare be sworne thou dost,

Bes. Captaine said I, so was–

Pan.

Pan. I tell thee I will heare no further.

Bef. No, your Grace will wish you had.

Pan. I will not wish it, what is this the Ladie
My Brother writes to me to take?

Bef. And please your Grace this is she: Charge, will you come neerer the Princes?

Pan. Your welcome from your Countrey, and this Land
Shall shew vnto you all the kindnesse
That I can make it; What's your name?

Spa. *Thalestris.*

Pan. Y'are very welcome, you haue got a letter
To put you to me, that has powre enough
To place mine enemy here; then much more you,
That are so farre from being so to me
That you nere saw me.

Bef. Madame, I dare passe my word for her truth.

Spa. My truth?

Pan. Why Captaine, doe you thinke I am afraid she'le steale?

Bef. I cannot tell, seruants are slippery, but I dare giue my word for her, and for honestly, she came a long with me, and many fauours she did me by the way, but by this light, none but what she might do with modestly, to a man of my ranck.

Pan. Why, Captaine there's no body thinks otherwise.

Bef. Nay, if you should, your Grace may thinke your pleasure; but I am sure I brought her from *Armenia*, and in all that way, if euer I touch'd any bare of her aboue her knee, I pray God I may sinke where I stand.

Spa. Aboue my knee?

Bef. No, you know I did not, and if any man will say I did, this sword shall answere; Nay, Ile defend the reputation of my Charge whilst I liue, your Grace shall vnderstand I am secret in these businesses, and know how to defend a Ladies honour.

Spa. I hope your Grace knowes him so well already, I shall not need to tell you hee's vaine and foolish.

Bef. I, you may call me what you please, but Ile defend your good name against the world, and so I take my leaue

of

of your Grace, and of you my Lord Protector, I am likewise glad to see your Lordship well.

Bac. O Captaine *Bessus*, I thanke you, I would speake with you anon.

Bes. When you please, I will attend your Lordship. *Ex. Be.*

Bac. Madam, I le take my leaue too. *Exit.*

Pan. Good *Bacurius.*

Gob. Madam, what writes his Maiesty to you?

Pan. O my Lord,
The kindest words, Ile keepe 'em whilst I liue.
Here in my bosome, there's no art in 'em
They lie disordered in this paper, iust
As hearty nature speakes 'em.

Gob. And to me
He writes what teares of ioy he shed to heare
How you were growne in euery vertues way,
And yeelds all thankes to me, for that deare care
Which I was bound to haue in trayning you,
There is no Princesse liuing that inioyes
A Brother of that worth.

Pan. My Lord, no maide longs more for any thing, and feel's more heat and cold within her brest, then I doe now, In hope to see him.

Gob. Yet I wonder much at this, he writes, he brings along with him, a husband for you, that same captiue Prince; And if he loue you, as he makes a shew,
He will allow you freedome in your choise.

Pan. And so he will my Lord, I warrant you,
He will but offer, and giue me the power
To take or leaue.

Gob. Trust me, were I a Lady, I could not like
That man were bargain'd with before I chuse him.

Pan. But I am not built on such wilde humours,
If I finde him worthy, he is not lesse
Because hee's offerd.

Spa. 'Tis true, he is not, would he would seeme lesse.

Gob. I thinke there is no Lady can affect
Another Prince, your brother standing by;

Hee does eclipse mens vertues so with his.

Spa. I know a Lady may, and more I feare
Another Lady will.

Pan. Would I might see him.

Gob. Why so you shall: my businesses are great,
I will attend you when it is his pleasure to see you.

Pan. I thanke you good my Lord.

Gob. You will be ready Madam. *Exit Gob.*

Pan. Yes.

Spa. I doe beseech you Madam send away
Your other women, and receiue from me
A few sad words, which set against your loyes
May make 'em shine the more.

Pan. Sirs leaue me all.

Exeunt women.

Spa. I kneele a stranger here to beg a thing
Vnfit for me to aske, and you to grant,
'Tis such another strange ill-laid request,
As if a begger should intreat a King
To leaue his Scepter, and his throne to him,
And take his rags to wander o're the world
Hongry and cold.

Pan. That were a strange request.

Spa. As this is mine.

Pan. Then doe not vtter it.

Spa. Alas, 'tis of that nature, that it must
Be vtter'd, I, and granted, or I die:
I am asham'd to speake it, but where life
Lies at the stake, I cannot thinke her woman
That will not take something vnreasonably,
To hazzard saying of it: I shall seeme
A strange petitioner, that wish all ill
To them I beg of, ere they giue me ought,
Yet so I must: I would you were not faire,
Nor wise, for in your ill consists my good:
If you were foolish, you would heare my prayer,
If foule, you had not power to hinder me:
Me would not loue you.

Pan. What's the meaning of it?

Spa. Nay, my request is more without the bounds
Of reason yet; for 'tis not in the power
Of you to doe, what I would haue you grant.

Pan. Why then 'tis idle, pray thee speake it out.

Spa. Your brother brings a Prince into this land,
Of such a noble shape, so sweet a grace,
So full of worth withall, that euery maide
That lookes vpon him, giues away her selfe
To him for euer; and for you to haue
He brings him: and so mad is my demaund,
That I desire you not to haue this man,
This excellent man, for whom you needs must die,
If you should misse him. I doe now expect
You should laugh at me.

Pan. Trust me, I could weepe
Rather, for I haue found in all thy words
A strange disioynted sorrow.

Spa. 'Tis by me,
His owne desire so, that you would not loue him.

Pan. His owne desire, why credit me *Thalestris*
I am no common wooer: If he shall woe me,
His worth may be such, that I dare not sweare
I will not loue him; but if he will stay
To haue me wooe him, I will promise thee
He may keepe all his graces to himselfe,
And feare no rauishing from me.

Spa. 'Tis yet
His owne desire, but when he sees your face,
I feare it will not be; therefore I charge you
As you haue pitty, stop those tender eares
From his enchanting voyce, close vp those eyes,
That you may neither catch a dart from him,
Nor he from you; I charge you as you hope
To liue in quiet, for when I am dead
For certaine I shall walke to visit him
If he breake promise with me: for as fast
As oath's without a formall Ceremony

Can make me, I am to him;

Pan. Then be fearelesse,
For if he were a thing 'twixt God and man,
I could gaze on him; if I knew it sinne
To loue him without passion: Dry your eyes,
I sweare you shall enioy him still for me,
I will not hinder you; but I perceiue
You are not what you seeme: Rise, rise, *Thalectris*,
If your right name be so.

Spa. Indeed it is not,
Spaconia is my name; but I desire
Not to be knowne to others.

Pan. Why, by me you shall not,
I will neuer doe you wrong,
What good I can, I will; thinke not my birth
Or education such, that I should iniure
A stranger Virgin: you are welcome hither.
In company you wish to be commanded,
But when we are alone, I shall be ready
To be your seruant. *Exeunt.*

Enter three men and a woman.

1 Come, come, run, run, runne.

2 We shall outgoe her.

3 One were better be hang'd, then carry women out fidling to these shewes.

Wom. Is the King hard by?

1 You heard he with the bottles sayd, hee thought wee should come too late: What abundance of people here is?

Wom. But what had he in those bottles?

3 I know not.

2 Why, Inke good man foole.

3 Inke, what to doe?

1 Why, the King looke you, will many times call for those bottles, and breake his minde to his friends.

Wom. Let's take our places, wee shall haue no roome else.

2 The man told vs he would walke afoote through the people.

3 I marry did he.

1 Our shops are well look't-to now,

2 S'life, yonder's my master, I thinke,

1 No, 'tis not he.

Enter a man with two Citizens wiues.

1 *Cit.* Lord, how fine the fields be, what sweet liuing 'tis in the Countrey?

2 *Cit.* I, poore soules, God helpe 'em; they liue as contentedly as one of vs.

1 *Cit.* My husbands cousen would haue had me gone into the Country last yeare, wert thou euer there?

2 *Cit.* I, poore soules, I was amongst 'em once.

1 *Cit.* And what kinde of creatures are they, for loue of God?

2 *Cit.* Very good people God helpe 'em.

1 *Cit.* Wilt thou goe with me downe this summer, when I am brought to bed?

2 *Cit.* Alas, it is no place for vs.

1 *Cit.* Why pray thee?

2 *Cit.* Why, you can haue nothing there, there's no body cries broomes.

1 *Cit.* No?

2 *Cit.* No truely, nor milke.

1 *Cit.* Not milke, how doe they?

2 *Cit.* They are faine to milke themselues the countrey.

1 *Cit.* Good Lord; but the people there I thinke will be very dutifull to one of vs.

2 *Cit.* I, God knowes will they, and yet they doe not greatly care for our Husbands.

1 *Cit.* Doe they not, alas? I' good faith I cannot blame them: for we doe not greatly care for them our selues.

Philip I pray choose vs a place.

Philip. There's the best forsooth.

1 *Cit.* By your leaue good people a little.

3 What's the matter?

Phil. I pray you my friend doe not thrust my Mistris so, shee's with childe.

2. Let her looke to her selfe then, has shee not had

showing enough yet; if she stay shouldring here, shee may haps goe home with a Cake in her belly.

3 How now goodman squitter-breech, why doe you leane on me?

Phil. Because I will.

3 Will you sir sawce-boxe?

1 *Cit.* Looke if one ha' not strooke *Philip*, come hither *Philip*, why did he strike thee?

Phil. For leaning on him.

1 *Cit.* Why didst thou leane on him?

Phil. I did not thinke he would haue strooke me.

1 *Cit.* As God saue me la, thou'rt as wilde as a Bucke, there's no quarrell but thou'rt at one end or other on't.

3 It's at the first end then, for hee'le nere stay the last.

1 *Cit.* Well slipstring, I shall meete with you.

3 When you will.

1 *Cit.* Ile giue a crowne to meete with you.

3 At a Bawdy house.

1 *Cit.* I, you're full of your roguery; but if I doe meete you, it shall cast me a fall.

Flourish, Enter one running.

4 The King, the King, the King, the King.
Now, now, now, now.

Flourish: Enter Arbaces, Tigranes, the two Kings, & Mardonius.

All. God preserue your Maiestie.

Arb. I thanke you all, now are my ioyes at full,
When I behold you safe, my louing Subiects;
By you I grow, 'tis your vnited loue
That lifts me to this height:
All the account that I can render you
For all the loue you haue bestowed on me,
All your expences to maintaine my warre,
Is but a little word, you will imagine
'Tis slender payment, yet 'tis such a word
As is not to be bought, but with our blouds,
'Tis peace.

All. God preserue your Maiestie.

Arb. Now you may liue securely i' your Townes.

Your

Your children round about you; you may ſit
Vnder your vines, and make the miſeries
Of other kingdomes, a diſcourſe for you,
And lend them ſorrowes: For your ſelues you may
Safely forget there are ſuch things as teares,
And may you all, whoſe good thoughts I haue gain'd
Hold me vnworthy, when I think my life
A ſacrifice too great to keepe you thus
In ſuch a calme eſtate.

All. God bleſſe your Maieſtie.

Arb. See all good people, I haue brought the man,
Whoſe very name you fear'd, a captiue home:
Behold him, 'tis *Tigranes*; In your heart
Sing ſongs of gladneſſe, and deliuerance.

1 *Cit.* Out vpon him.

2 *Cit.* How he looker.

3 *Wom.* Hang him, hang him.

Mard. Theſe are ſweet people.

Tigr. Sir, you doe me wrong,
To render me a ſcorned ſpectacle
To common people.

Arb. It was farre from me
To meane it ſo: if I haue ought deſeru'd,
My louing Subiects let me begge of you
Not to reuile this Prince, in whom there dwels
All worth of which the nature of a man
Is capable, valour beyond compare,
The terrour of his name haz ſtretcht it ſelfe
Where euer there is ſunne: and yet for you
I fought with him ſingle, and won him too,
I made his valour ſtoope, and brought that name,
Soar'd to ſo vn-believ'd a height, to fall
Beneath mine: This, inſpired with all your loues,
I did performe, and will for your contents
Be euer ready for a greater worke.

All. The Lord bleſſe your Maieſtie.

Tig. So he haz made me amends now, with a ſpeech in commendation of himſelf: I would not be ſo vaine-glorious.

Arb.

Arb. If there be any thing in which I may
Doe good to any creature, here speake out;
For I must leaue you: and it troubles me,
That my occasions for the good of you,
Are such as call me from you; else, my ioy
Would be to spend my daies amongst you all.
You shew your loues in these large multitudes
That come to meete me, I will pray for you,
Heauen prosper you, that you may know old yeares,
And liue to see your Childrens Children
Sit at your boards with plenty: when there is
A want of any thing, let it be knowne
To me, and I will be a father to you:
God keep you all.

Flouriſh. Exeunt kings and their traine.

All. God bleſſe your Maieſtie, God bleſſe your Maieſty.

1 Come, ſhall we goe? all's done.

Wom. I for Gods ſake, I haue not made a fire yet.

2 Away, away, all's done.

3 Content, farewell *Philip.*

1 *Cit.* Away, you halter-ſack you.

2 *Philip* will not fight, hee's afraide on's face.

Phil. I marry am I afraid of my face.

3 Thou would'ſt be *Philip*, if thou ſaw'ſt it in a glaſſe; it lookes ſo like a viſour.

Exeunt 1. 3. and Women.

1 *Cit.* Youle be hang'd ſirra: Come *Philip* walke afore vs homewards; did not his Maieſty ſay he had brought vs home Peaſe for all our money?

2 *Cit.* Yes marry did he.

1 *Cit.* The'are the firſt I heard on this yeare by my troth, I long'd for ſome of 'em: did he not ſay we ſhould haue ſome?

2 *Cit.* Yes, and ſo we ſhall anon I warrant you, haue euery one a peake brought home to our houſes.

The end of the Second Act.

Actus

Actus Tertius.

Enter Arbaces and Gobrias.

Arb. MY Sister take it ill?
Gob. Not very ill,
Something vnkindely she does take it Sir,
To haue her husband chosen to her hands.
Arb. Why *Gobrias* let her, I must haue her know
My will, and not her owne, must gouerne her:
What, will she marry with some slaue at home?
Gob. O she is farre from any stubbornesse,
You much mistake her, and no doubt will like
Where you will haue her; but when you behold her
You will be loath to part with such a iewell.
Arb. To part with her, why *Gobrias*, art thou mad?
Shee is my sister.
Gob. Sir, I know she is:
But it were pitty to make poore our Land
With such a beautie, to inrich another.
Arb. Pish, will she haue him?
Gob. I doe hope she will not, I thinke she will sir.
Arb. Were she my Father, and my Mother too,
And all the names for which we thinke folkes friends,
She should be forc't to haue him when I know
'Tis fit: I will not heare her say shee's loath.
Gob. Heauen bring my purpose luckily to passe,
You know 'tis iust, she will not need constraint
Shee loues you so.
Arb. How does she loue me, speake?
Gob. She lones you more then people loue their health
That liue by labour; more then I could loue
A man that died for me, if he could liue againe.
Arb. She is not like her Mother then.
Gob. O no, when you were in *Armenia*,
I durst not let her know when you were hurt:
For at the first on euery little scratch,

She kept her chamber, wept, and would not eate,
Till you were well, and many times the newes
Was so long comming, that before we heard,
She was as neere her death, as you your health.

Arb. Alas poore soule, but yet she must be rul'd;
I know not how I shall requite her well,
I long to see her; haue you sent for her,
To tell her I am ready?

Gob. Sir I haue. *Ent. 1 Gent. and Tigranes.*

1 *Gent.* Sir, here is the *Armenian* King.

Arb. Hee's welcome.

1 *Gent.* And the Queene-Mother, and the Princesse waite without.

Arb. Good *Gobrias* bring 'em in. *Exit Gobrias.*
Tigranes you will thinke you are arriu'd
In a strange Land, where Mothers call to poyson
Their onely sonnes; thinke you you shall be safe?

Tigr. Too safe I am sir.

Enter Gobrias, Arane, Panthea, Spaconia, Bacurius, Mardonius and Bessus, and two Gentlemen.

Ara. As low as this I bow to you, and would
As low as is my graue, to shew a minde
Thankefull for all your mercies.

Arb. O stand vp,
And let me kneele, the light will be asham'd
To see obseruance done to me by you.

Ara. You are my King.

Arb. You are my Mother, rise;
As farre be all your faults from your owne soule,
As from my memorie, then you shall be
As white as innocence her selfe.

Ara. I came
Onely to shew my duty, and acknowledge
My Sorrow for my sinnes; longer to stay
Were but to draw eyes more attentiuely
Vpon my shame: That power that kept you safe
From me, preserue you still.

Ara. Your owne desires shall be your guide. *Exit, Arane.*

Pan. Now let me die,
Since I haue seene my Lord the King returne
In safety, I haue seene all good that life
Can shew me; I haue nere another wish
For heauen to grant; nor were it fit I should;
For I am bound to spend my age to come
In giuing thankes that this was granted me.

Gob. Why does not your Maiestie speake?

Arb. To whom?

Gob. To the Princesse.

Pan. Alas Sir, I am fearefull you doe looke
On me, as if I were some loathed thing
That you were finding out a way to shunne.

Gob. Sir, you should speake to her.

Arb. Ha?

Pan. I know I am vnworthy, yet not ill
Arm'd, with which innocence here I will kneele,
Till I am one with earth, but I will gaine
Some words and kindenesse from you.

Tigr. Will you speake Sir?

Arb. Speake, am I what I was?
What art thou that dost creepe into my breast,
And darst not see my face? shew forth thy selfe:
I feele a payre of fiery wings display'd
Hither, from hence; you shall not tarry there,
Vp, and be gone, if thou beest Loue, be gone,
Or I will teare thee from my wounded breast,
Pull thy lou'd downe away, and with a quill
By this right arme drawne from thy wanton wing,
Write to thy laughing Mother i'thy bloud,
That you are Powers beli'd, and all your darts
Are to be blowne away by men resolu'd
Like dust; I know thou fear'st my words, away.

Tigr. O misorie, why should he be so slow,
There can no falshood come of louing her,
Though I haue giuen my faith; she is a thing
Both to be lou'd and seru'd beyond my faith:
I would he would present me to her quickly.

Pan. Will you not speake at all?are you so farre
From kinde words?yet to saue my modestie
That must talke till you answere, doe not stand
As you were dumbe, say something, though it be
Poyson'd with anger that may strike me dead.

Mar. Haue you no life at all? for manhood sake
Let her not kneele, and talke neglected thus;
A tree would finde a tongue to answere her,
Did she but giue it such a lou'd respect.

Arb. You meane this Lady: lift her from the earth;
Why doe you let her kneele so long? alas,
Madame, your beauty vses to command,
And not to begge; what is your suite to me?
It shall be granted, yet the time is short,
And my affaires are great: but where's my Sister?
I bad she should be brought.

Mar. What is he mad?

Arb. Gobrias, where is she?

Gob. Sir,

Arb. Where is she man?

Gob. Who Sir?

Arb. Who, hast thou forgot my Sister?

Gob. Your Sister sir?

Arb. Your Sister sir? some one that hath a wit, answere; where is she.

Gob. Doe you not see her there?

Arb. Where?

Gob. There.

Arb. There, where?

Mar. S'light there, are you blinde?

Arb. Which doe you meane, that little one?

Gob. No Sir.

Arb. No sir, why doe you mocke me? I can see
No other here, but that petitioning Ladie.

Gob. That's she.

Arb. Away.

Gob. Sir, it is she.

Arb. T'is false.

Gob. Is it?
Arb. As hell by heauen, as falſe as hell,
My ſiſter; is ſhe dead? if it be ſo,
Speake boldly to me: for I am a man
And dare not quarrell with Diuinity;
And doe not thinke to coſen me with this:
I ſee you all are mute, and ſtand amaz'd,
Fearefull to anſwere me; it is too true,
A decreed inſtant cut's off eu'ry life,
For which to mourne is to repine; She di'de
A Virgin, though more innocent then ſheepe,
As cleere as her owne eyes, and bleſſedneſſe
Eternall waites vpon her where ſhe is:
I know ſhe could not make a wiſh to change
Her ſtate for new, and you ſhall ſee me beare
My croſſes like a man; we all muſt die,
And ſhe hath taught vs how.
Gob. Doe not miſtake,
And vexe your ſelfe for nothing; for her death
Is a long life off, I hope: 'Tis ſhe,
And if my ſpeech deſerue not faith, lay death
Vpon me, and my lateſt words ſhall force
A credit from you.
Arb. Which good *Gobrias*?
That Lady doſt thou meane?
Gob. That Ladie Sir,
She is your ſiſter, and ſhe is your ſiſter
That loues you ſo, 'tis ſhe for whom I weepe
To ſee you vſe her thus.
Arb. It cannot be.
Tigr. Piſh, this is tedious,
I cannot hold, I muſt preſent my ſelfe;
And yet the ſight of my *Spaconia*
Touches me, as a ſudden thunder-clap
Does one that is about to ſinne.
Arb. Away,
No more of this; here I pronounce him traitor;
The direct plotter of my death, that names

Or thinkes her for my ſiſter: 'tis a lie,
The moſt malicious of the world, inuented
To mad your King; he that will ſay ſo next,
Let him draw out his ſword, and ſheath it here,
It is a ſinne fully as pardonable:
She is no kinne to me, nor ſhall ſhe be;
If ſhe were euer, I create her none:
And which of you can queſtion this? My powre
Is like the Sea, that is to be obey'd,
And not diſputed with: I haue decreed her
As farre from hauing part of bloud with me,
As the nak'd Indians: come, and anſwere me,
He that is boldeſt now; is that my ſiſter?

Mar. O this is fine,

Beſ. No mary is ſhe not an't pleaſe your Maieſty,
I neuer thought ſhe was, ſhee's nothing like you.

Arb. No, 'tis true, ſhe is not.

Mar. Thou ſhould'ſt be hang'd.

Pan. Sir, I will ſpeake but once: by the ſame power
You make my bloud a ſtranger vnto yours;
You may command me dead, and ſo much loue
A ſtranger may importune, pray you doe;
If this requeſt appeare too much to grant,
Adopt me of ſome other Familie,
By your vnqueſtion'd word; elſe I ſhall liue
Like ſinfull iſſues that are left in ſtreets
By their regardleſſe Mothers, and no name
Will be found for me.

Arb. I will heare no more,
Why ſhould there be ſuch muſicke in a voyce,
And ſinne for me to heare it? All the world
May take delight in this, and 'tis damnation
For me to doe ſo: You are faire and wiſe,
And vertuous I thinke, and he is bleſt
That is ſo neere you as your brother is:
But you are naught to me but a diſeaſe;
Continuall torment without hope or eaſe,
Such an vngodly ſickeneſſe I haue got,

That

That he that vndertakes my cure, must first
'Ore-throw Diuinity, all morall Lawes,
And leaue mankinde as vnconfinde as beasts,
Allowing 'em to doe all actions
As freely as they drinke when they desire.
Let me not heare you speake againe; yet see
I shall but languish for the want of that
The hauing which would kill me: No man here
Offer to speake for her; for I consider
As much as you can say: I will not toyle
My body and my minde too, rest thou there,
Here's one within will labour for you both.

Pan. I would I were past speaking.

Gob. Feare not Madam,
The King will alter, 'tis some sodaine rage,
And you shall see it end some other way.

Pan. Pray God it doe.

Tigr. Though she to whom I swore, be here, I cannot
Stifle my passion longer: if my father
Should rise againe disquieted with this,
And charge me to forbeare, yet it would out:
Madame, a stranger, and a prisoner begs
To be bid welcome.

Pan. You are welcome Sir
I thinke, but if you be not, 'tis past me
To make you so: for I am here a stranger
Greater then you: we know from whence you come,
But I appeare a lost thing, and by whom
Is yet vncertaine; found here i'th Court,
And onely suffer'd to walke vp and downe,
As one not worth the owning.

Spa. O I feare
Tigranes will be caught, he lookes me thinkes,
As he would change his eyes with her; some helpe
There is aboue for me I hope.

Tigr. Why do you turne away and weep so fast,
And vtter things that mis become your lookes,
Can you want owning?

Spa.

Spa. O'tis certaine so.

Tigr. Acknowledge your selfe mine.

Arb. How now?

Tigr. And then see if you want an owner.

Arb. They are talking.

Tigr. Nations shall owne you for their Queene.

Arb. *Tigranes*, art not thou my prisoner?

Tigr. I am.

Arb. And who is this?

Tigr. She is your sister.

Arb. She is so.

Mar. Is she so againe? that's well.

Arb. And how dare you then offer to change words with her?

Tigr. Dare doe it, why? you brought me hither Sir
To that intent.

Arb. Perhaps I told you so,
If I had sworne it, had you so much folly
To credit it? The least word that shee speakes
Is worth a life: rule your disordered tongue,
Or I will temper it.

Spa. Blest be that breath.

Tigr. Temper my tongue; such incivilities
As these, no barbarous people ever knew:
You break the lawes of Nature, and of Nations;
You talke to me as if I were a prisoner
For theft: my tongue be temper'd? I must speake
If thunder checke me, and I will.

Arb. You will.

Spa. Alas my Fortune.

Tigr. Doe not feare his frowne, deare Madam heare me.

Arb. Feare not my frowne? but that 'twere base in me
To fight with one I know I can 'ore-come,
Againe thou should'st be conquer'd by me.

Mar. He has one ransome with him already, me thinks 'twere good to fight double, or quit.

Arb. Away with him to prison: Now Sir see
If my frowne be regardlesse: why delay you?

Seize

Seize him *Bacurius*, you shall know my word
Sweepes like a winde, and all it grapples with,
Are as the chaffe before it.
Tigr. Touch me not.
Arb. Helpe there.
Tig. Away.
1 *Gent.* It is in vaine to struggle.
2 *Gent.* You must be forc't.
Bac. Sir, you must pardon vs, we must obey.
Arb. Why doe you dally there? dragge him away
By any thing.
Bac. Come Sir.
Tigr. Iustice, thou oughtst to giue me strnegth enough
To shake all these off: This is tirannie.
Arbaces sutler then the burning Buls,
Or that fam'd Tirants bed. Thou mightst as well
Search i'the depth of winter through the Snow
For halfe-staru'd people, to bring home with thee
To shew 'em fire, and send 'em backe againe,
As vse me thus.
Arb. Let him be close *Bacurius*. *Exit Tig. and Bac.*
Spa. I nere reioyc'd at any ill to him,
But this imprisonment: what shall become
Of me forsaken?
Gob. You will not let your Sister
Depart thus discontented from you Sir.
Arb. By no meanes *Gobrias*, I haue done her wrong,
And made my selfe beleeue much of my selfe,
That is not in me: You did kneele to me,
Whilst I stood stubborne and regardlesse by,
And like a god incensed, gaue no eare
To all your praiers: behold, I kneele to you,
Shew a contempt as large as was my owne,
And I will suffer it, yet at the last forgiue me.
Pan. O you wrong me more in this,
Then in your rage you did: you mocke mee now.
Arb. Neuer forgiue me then, which is the worst
can happen to mee.

Pan. If you be in earneſt,
Stand vp, and giue me but a gentle looke.
And two kinde words, and I ſhall be in Heauen.
Arb. Riſe you then to; here I acknowledge thee
My hope, the onely iewell of my life,
The beſt of Siſters, dearer then my breath,
A happineſſe as high as I could thinke;
And when my actions call thee otherwiſe,
Perdition light vpon me.
Pan. This is better
Then if you had not frown'd, it comes to mee
Like mercy at the blocke; and when I leaue
To ſerue you with my life, your curſe be with mee.
Arb. Then thus I doe ſalute thee, and againe,
To make this knot the ſtronger; Paradice
Is there: It may be you are yet in doubt,
This third kiſſe blots it out. I wade in ſinne,
And fooliſhly intice my ſelfe along:
Take her away, ſee her a priſoner
In her owne chamber, cloſely *Gobrias*.
Pan. Alas Sir, why?
Arb. I muſt not ſtay the anſwere doe it.
Gob. Good Sir.
Arb. No more, doe it I ſay.
Mar. This is better and better.
Pan. Yet heare me ſpeake.
Arb. I will not heare you ſpeake.
Away with her, let no man thinke to ſpeake
For ſuch a creature: for ſhe is a witch,
A poyſoner, and a Traytor.
Gob. Madame, this Office grieues me.
Pan. Nay, 'tis well the King is pleaſed with it.
Arb. Beſſus, goe you along too with her; I will proue
All this that I haue ſaid, if I may liue
So long: but I am deſperately ſicke,
For ſhe hath giuen me poyſon in a kiſſe,
She had't betwixt her lips, and with her eyes
She witches people, goe without a word.

Exeunt Gob. Pan. Beſ. & Spa.

Why

Why should you that haue made me stand in warre
Like fate it selfe, cutting what threds I pleas'd,
Decree such an vnworthy end of me,
And all my glories? What am I alas,
That you oppose me? if my secret thoughts
Haue euer harbour'd swellings against you,
They could not hurt you, and it is in you
To giue me sorrow, that will render me
Apt to receiue your mercie; rather so,
Let it be rather so, then punish me
With such vnmanly sinnes: Incest is in me
Dwelling alreadie, and it must be holy
That puls it thence; where ar't *Mardonius*?

Mar. Heere Sir.

Arb. I pray thee beare me, if thou canst.
Am not I growne a strange weight?

Mar. As you were.

Arb. No heauier?

Mar. No Sir.

Arb. Why, my legs
Refuse to beare my body; O *Mardonius*,
Thou hast in field beheld me, when thou know'st
I could haue gone, though I could neuer runne.

Mar. And so I shall againe.

Arb. O no, 'tis past.

Mar. Pray you goe rest your selfe.

Arb. Wilt thou hereafter when they talke of me,
As thou shalt heare nothing but infamie,
Remember some of those things?

Mar. Yes, I will.

Arb. I pray thee doe: for thou shalt neuer see me so againe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bessus alone.

Bes. They talke of fame, I haue gotten it in the warres, and will affoord any man a reasonable penni-worth: some will say they could be content to haue, but that it is to bee atchieu'd with danger; but my opinion is otherwise: for if I might stand still in Cannon proofe, and haue fame fall vpon

me, I would refuse it: my reputation came principally by thinking to runne away, which no body knowes but *Mardonius*; and I think he conceales it to anger me. Before I went to the warres, I came to the Town a young fellow, without meanes, or parts to deserue friends; and my empty guts perswaded me to lie, and abuse people for my meate, which I did, and they beate me: then would I fast two dayes, till my hunger cry'd out on me, raile still; then me thought I had a monstrous stomacke to abuse 'em againe, and did it. I'this state I continu'd till they hung me vp b'the heeles, and beate me wi' hasle stickes, as if they would haue baked mee, and haue cosen'd some body wi' mee for Venison: After this I rayl'd, and eate quietlie: for the whole Kingdome tooke notice of me for a baffel'd whipt fellow, and what I said, was remembred in mirth, but neuer in anger; of which I was glad, I would it were at that passe againe: After this, God cald an Aunt of mine, that left two hundred pound in a cosens hand for me, who taking me to be a gallant young spirit, rayl'd a company for me with the money, and sent me into *Armenia* with 'em: Away I would haue runne from them, but that I could get no company, and alone I durst not runne. I was neuer at battle but once, and there I was running, but *Mardonius* cudgel'd me, yet I got loose at last, but was so fraide, that I saw no more then my shoulders doe, but fled with my whole company amongst my enemies, and ouerthrew 'em: Now the report of my valour is come ouer before me, and they say I was a raw young fellow, but now I am improu'd, A plague of their eloquence, 'twill cost me many a beating: And *Mardonius* might helpe this too, if he would; for now they thinke to get honour on me, and all the men I haue abus'd call me freshly, worthily, as they call it, by way of Challenge. *Enter a Gent.*

3 *Gent.* Good morrow Captaine *Bessus*.

Bes. Good morrow sir.

3 *Gent.* I come to speake with you.

Bes. You'r very welcome.

3 *Gent.* From one that holds himselfe wronged by you some three yeares since: your worth hee saies is fam'd, and

hee

he doth nothing doubt but you will doe him right, as beseemes a soldier.

Bes. A pox on 'em, so they crie all.

3 *Gent.* And a slight note I haue about me for you, for the deliuery of which you must excuse me; it is an office that friendship cals vpon me to doe, and no way offensiue to you, since I desire but right on both sides.

Bes. 'Tis a challenge Sir, is it not?

3 *Gent.* 'Tis an inuiting to the field.

Bes. An inuiting? O crie you mercie, what a complement he deliuers it with? he might as agreeablie to my nature, present me poyson with such a speech: vm vm vm reputation, vm vm vm call you to account, vm vm vm forc'd to this, vm vm vm with my sword, vm vm vm like a gentleman, vm vm vm deare to me, vm vm vm satisfaction: 'Tis very well Sir, I doe accept it, but he must awaite an answere this thirteene weekes.

3 *Gent.* Why Sir, he would be glad to wipe off his staine as soone as he could.

Bes. Sir, vpon my credit I am already ingag'd to two hundred and twelue, all which must haue their staines wipt off, if that be the word before him.

3 *Gent.* Sir, if you be truely ingag'd but to one, he shall stay a competent time.

Bes. Vpon my faith Sir to two hundred and twelue, and I haue a spent body, too much bruis'd in battle, so that I cannot fight, I must be plaine, abouethree combats a day: All the kindenesse I can shew him, is to set him resoluedly in my rowle the two hundreth and thirteenth man, which is something: for I tell you, I thinke there will be more after him, then before him, I thinke so, pray you commend me to him, and tell him this.

3 *Gent.* I will Sir, good morrow to you. *Exit* 3. *Gen.*

Bes. Good morrow good Sir. Certainely my safest way were to print my selfe a coward, with a discouery how I came by my credit, and clap it vpon euery post: I haue receiued abouethirty challenges within this two houres, marry all but the first I put off with ingagement, and by good

fortune, the first is no madder of fighting then I, so that that's referd, the place where it must be ended, is foure daies iourney off, and our arbitrators are these: Hee haz chosen a Gentleman in trauaile, and I haue a speciall friend with a quartaine ague, like to hold him this fiue yeare, for mine; and when his man comes home, we are to expect my friends health: If they would finde mee Challenges thus thicke, as long as I liu'd, I would haue no other liuing; I can make seauen shillings a day o'th paper to the Grocers: yet I learne nothing by all these but a little skill in comparing of stiles. I doe finde euidently that there is some one Scriuener in this Towne, that haz a great hand in writing of Challenges, for they are all of a cut, and sixe of 'em in a hand; and they all end, my reputation is deare to me, and I must require satisfaction: Whose there? more paper I hope; no, tis my Lord *Bacurius*, I feare all is not well betwixt vs. *Ent. Bac.*

Bac. Now Captaine *Bessus*. I come about a friuolous matter, caus'd by as idle a report: you know you were a coward.

Bes. Very right.

Bac. And wronged me.

Bes. True my Lord.

Bac. But now people will call you valiant, desertlesly I thinke, yet for their satisfaction, I will haue you fight with me.

Bes. O my good Lord, my deepe ingagements.

Bac. Tell not me of your ingagements, Captaine *Bessus*; it is not to be put off with an excuse: for my owne part, I am none of the multitude that beleeue your conuersion from coward.

Bes. My Lord, I seeke not quarrels, and this belongs not to me, I am not to maintaine it.

Bac. Who then pray?

Bes. *Bessus* the coward wrong'd you.

Bac. Right.

Bes. And shall *Bessus* the valiant, maintaine what *Bessus* the coward did?

Bac. I pray thee leaue these cheating trickes, I sweare thou

thou ſhalt fight with me, or thou ſhalt be beate extreamely, and kick'd.

Bef. Since you prouoke me thus farre my Lord, I will fight with you; and by my Sword it ſhall coſt me twenty pound, but I will haue my leg well a week ſooner purpoſely.

Bac. Your legge? why? what ailes your legge? Ile doe a cure on you, ſtand vp.

Bef. My Lord, this is not noble in you.

Bac. What doſt thou with ſuch a phraſe in thy mouth? I will kicke thee out of all good words before I leaue thee.

Bef. My Lord, I take this as a puniſhment for the offence I did when I was a coward.

Bac. When thou wert? confeſſe thy ſelfe a coward ſtill, or by this light ile beate thee into ſpunge.

Bef. Why I am one.

Bac. Are you ſo Sir? and why doe you weare a ſword then? Come, vnbuckle, quicke.

Bef. My Lord.

Bac. Vnbuckle I ſay, and giue it me, or as I liue thy head will ake extreamely.

Bef. It is a pretty hilt, and if your Lordſhip take an affection to it, with all my heart I preſent it to you for a new-yeares gift.

Bac. I thanke you very heartily, ſweet Captaine farewell.

Bef. One word more, I beſeech your Lordſhip to render me my knife againe.

Bac. Marry by all meanes Captaine, cheriſh your ſelfe with it, and eate hard good Captaine; wee cannot tell whether we ſhall haue any more ſuch: Adue deere Captaine.

Exit Bacurius.

Bef. I will make better vſe of this, then of my ſword: A baſe ſpirit hath this vantage of a braue one; it keepes alwaies at a ſtay, nothing brings it downe, not beating. I remember I promiſ'd the King in a great audience, that I would make my backbiters eate my ſword to a knife; how to get another ſword I know not, nor know any meanes left for me to maintaine my credit but impudence: Therefore I will out-ſweare him and all his followers, that this is all that's left vneaten

of it

of my ſword. *Exit Beſſus.*

Enter Mardonius.

Mar. Ile moue the King, he is moſt ſtrangely alter'd; I gueſſe the cauſe I feare too right, Heauen haz ſome ſecret end in't, and 'tis a ſcourge no queſtion iuſtly laid vpon him: He haz followed me through twentie roomes, and euer when I ſtay to await his command, he bluſhes like a girle, and looks vpon me as if modeſtie kept in his buſineſſe: ſo turnes away from me, but if I goe on, he followes me againe. *Ent. Arba.* See, heere he is, I doe not vſe this, yet I know not how, I cannot chuſe but weepe to ſee him: his very enemies I thinke, whoſe wounds haue bred his fame, if they ſhould ſee him now, would finde teares i'their eyes.

Arb. I cannot vtter it, why ſhould I keepe
A breaſt to harbour thoughts? I dare not ſpeake:
Darkeneſſe is in my boſome, and there lyes
A thouſand thoughts that cannot brooke the light,
How wilt thou vex me when this deede is done?
Conſcience, that art afraide to let me name it.

Mar. How doe you ſir?

Arb. Why very well *Mardonius*, how doſt thou doe?

Mar. Better then you I feare.

Arb. I hope thou art; for to be plaine with thee,
Thou art in hell elſe, ſecret ſcorching flames
That farre tranſcend earthly materiall fires
Are crept into me, and there is no cure
Is not that ſtrange *Mardonius*, there's no cure?

Mar. Sir, either I miſtake, or there is ſome thing hid
That you would vtter to me.

Arb. So there is, but yet I cannot doe it.

Mar. Out with it Sir, if it be dangerous I ſhall not ſhrink to doe you ſeruice, I ſhall not eſteeme my life a waightier matter then indeed it is, I know 'tis ſubiect to more chances then it haz houres, and I were better looſe it in my Kings cauſe, then with an ague, or a fall, or ſleeping, to a thiefe; as all theſe are probable enough: let me but know what I ſhall doe for you.

Arb. It will not out: were you with *Gobrias*.

And

And bad him giue my sister all content
The place affords, and giue her leaue to send,
And speake to whom she please?
Mar. Yes sir, I was.
Arb. And did you to *Bacurius* say as much
About *Tigranes*?
Mar. Yes,
Arb. That's all my businesse.
Mar. O say not so,
You had an answere of this before;
Besides, I thinke this businesse might be vtter'd
More carelesly.
Arb. Come, thou shalt haue it out; I doe beseech thee
By all the loue thou hast profest to me,
To see my sister from me.
Mar. Well, and what?
Arb. That's all.
Mar. That's strange, shall I say nothing to her?
Arb. Not a word;
But if thou louest me, finde some subtill way
To make her vnderstand by signes.
Mar. But what should I make her vnderstand;
Arb. O *Mardonius*, for that I must be pardon'd.
Mar. You may, but I can onely see her then.
Arb. 'Tis true;
Beare her this Ring then, and on more aduice
Thou shalt speake to her; tell her I doe loue
My kindred all; wilt thou?
Mar. Is there no more?
Arb. O yes, and her the best;
Better then any brother loues his sister: That's all.
Mar. Me thinkes this
Needs not haue beene deliuered with such a caution;
Ile doe it.
Arb. There is more yet.
Wilt thou be faithfull to me?
Mar. Sir, If I take vpon me to deliuer it, after I heare it,
Ile passe through fire to doe it.

Arb. I loue her better then a brother ought;
Doſt thou conceiue me?

Mar. I hope I doe not Sir;

Arb. No, thou art dull, kneele downe before her,
And nere riſe againe, till ſhe will loue me.

Mar. Why, I thinke ſhe does.

Arb. But better then ſhe does, another way;
As wiues loue husbands.

Mar. Why, I thinke there are few wiues that loue their
Husbands, better then ſhe does you.

Arb. Thou wilt not vnderſtand me: is it fit
This ſhould be vttered plainely; take it then
Naked as it is: I would deſire her loue
Laſciuiouſly, lewdly, inceſtuouſly,
To doe a ſinne that needs muſt damne vs both;
And thee too: Doſt thou vnderſtand me now?

Mar. Yes, there's your Ring againe; what haue I done
Diſhoneſtly in my whole life, name it
That you ſhould put ſo baſe a buſineſſe to me?

Arb. Didſt thou not tell me thou would'ſt doe it?

Mar. Yes, if I vndertooke it; but if all
My haires were liues, I would not be engag'd
In ſuch a cauſe to ſaue my laſt life.

Arb. O guilt, how poore, and weake a thing art thou?
This man that is my ſeruant, whom my breath
Might blow about the world, might beate me heare
Hauing his cauſe, whilſt I preſt downe with ſinne
Could not reſiſt him, heare *Mardonius*
It was a motion miſ-beſeeming man,
And I am ſorry for it.

Mar. Pray God you may be ſo: you muſt vnderſtand, nothing that you can vtter, can remoue my loue and ſeruice from my Prince. But otherwiſe, I thinke I ſhall not loue you more. For you are ſinfull, and if you doe this crime, you ought to haue no lawes. For after this it will be great iniuſtice in you to puniſh any offendor for any crime: For my ſelfe I finde my heart too big: I feele I haue not patience to looke on whilſt you runne theſe forbidden courſes: Meane

I haue none but your Fauour, and I am rather glad that I shall loose 'em both together, then keepe 'em with such conditions; I shall find a dwelling amongst some people, where though our garments perhaps be courser, we shall be richer farre within, and harbour no such vices in 'em. God preserue you, and mend you.

Arb. *Mardonius*, stay *Mardonius*, For though
My present state require nothing but knaues
To be about me, such as are prepar'd
For euery wicked act, yet who does know
But that my loathed Fate may turne about,
And I haue vse of honest men againe:
I hope I may, I prethee leaue me not

Enter Bessus.

Bes. Where's the King?

Mar. There.

Bes. An't please your Maiesty, there's the knife.

Arb. What knife?

Bes. The Sword is eaten.

Mar. Away you Foole, the King is serious,
And cannot now admit your vanities.

Bes. Vanities, I'me no honest man if my enemies haue not brought it to this, what, doe you thinke I lie?

Arb. No, no, 'tis well *Bessus*, 'tis very well, I am glad on't.

Mar. If your enemies brought it to that, your enemies are Cutlers, come, leaue the King.

Bes. Why may not valour approach him?

Mar. Yes, but he haz affaires, depart, or I shall be something vnmannerly with you.

Arb. No, let him stay *Mardonius*, let him stay,
I haue occasions with him very weighty,
And I can spare you now.

Mar. Sir.

Arb. Why I can spare you now.

Bes. *Mardonius* giue way to the state affaires

Mar. Indeed you are fitter for his present purpose.

Exit Mar.

Arb. *Bessus*, I should imploy thee, wil't thou do't.

Bes. Do't for you, by this ayre I will doe any thing without exception, be it a good, bad, or indifferent thing.

Arb. Doe not sweare.

Bes. By this light but I will, any thing whatsoeuer.

Arb. But I shall name a thing
Thy conscience will not suffer thee to doe.

Bes. I would faine heare that thing.

Arb. Why I would haue thee get my Sister for me:
Thou vnderstandst me in a wicked manner.

Bes. O you would haue about with her?
Ile do't, Ile do't, I faith.

Arb. Wilt thou, do'st thou make no more on't?

Bes. More, no, why is there any thing else if there be, tell me, it shall be done too.

Arb. Hast thou no greater sence of such a sinne?
Thou art too wicked for my company,
Though I haue hell within me, and may'st yet
Corrupt me further: pray thee answere me,
How doe I shew to thee after this motion?

Bes. Why your Maiestie looks as well in my opinion, as euer your did since you were borne.

Arb. But thou appear'st to me, after thy grant,
The vgliest, loathed, detestable thing
That I haue euer met with. Thou hast eyes
Like flames of *Sulphur*, which me thinkes doe dart
Infection on me, and thou hast a mouth
Enough to take me in, where there doe stand
Fowre rowes of Iron teeth.

Bes. I feele no such thing, but 'tis no matter how I looke, Ile doe your businesse as well as they that looke better, and when this is dispatcht, if you haue a minde to your Mother, tell me, and you shall see Ile set it hard.

Arb. My Mother, Heauen forgiue me to heare this,
I am inspir'd with horror: I hate thee
Worse then my sinne, which if I could come by,
Should suffer death eternall, ere to rile
In any breast againe. Know I will dye
Languishing madde, as I resolue I shall,
Ere I will deale by such an instrument:

Thou

Thou art too sinfull to imploy in this,
Out of the world, away.

Bes. What doe you meane Sir?

Arb. Hung round with curses, take thy fearefull flight
Into the desarts, where 'mongst all the monsters
If thou find'st one so beastly as thy selfe,
Thou shalt be held as innocent.

Bes. Good Sir.

Arb. If there were no such instruments as thou,
We Kings could never act such wicked deedes:
Seeke out a man that mockes Diuinity,
That breakes each precept both of Gods and mans,
And natures too, and does it without lust,
Meerely because it is a law, and good,
And liue with him: for him thou canst not spoyle.
Away I say, I will not doe this sinne. *Exit Bessus.*
Ile presse it here, till it doe breake my breast,
It heau's to get out, but thou art a sinne,
And spight of torture I will keepe thee in.

The end of the Third Act.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Gobrias, Panthea, Spaconia.

Gob. HAue you written Madame?

Pan. Yes good *Gobrias*.

Gob. And with a kindnesse, and such winning words,
As may prouoke him at one instant feele
His double fault, your wrong, and his owne rashnesse?

Pan. I haue sent words enough, if words may winne him
From his displeasure; and such words I hope
As shall gaine much vpon his goodnesse: *Gobrias*
Yet fearing since they are many, and a womans,
A poore beliefe may follow, I haue wouen
As many truths within 'em to speake for me,
That if he be but gratious, and receiue 'em.

Gob. Good Lady be not fearefull, though he should not
Giue you your present end in this; beleeue it,

You shall feele, if your vertue can induce you
To labour on't, this tempest which I know
Is but a poore proofe 'gainst your patience:
All those contents, your spirit will arrive at,
Newer and sweeter to you, your Royall Brother,
When he shall once collect himselfe, and see
How farre he haz bin asunder from himselfe;
What a meere stranger to his golden temper:
Must from those rootes of vertue, neuer dying
Though somewhat stopt with humor, shoot againe
Into a thousand glories, bearing his faire branches
High as our hopes can looke at, straight as iustice,
Loaden with ripe contents, he loues you deerely,
I know it, and I hope I need not farther
Winne you to vnderstand it.

Pan. I beleeue it.
But howsoeuer, I am sure I loue him dearely;
So dearely, that if any thing I write
For my enlarging, should beget his anger,
Heauen be a witnesse with me and my faith,
I had rather liue intoomb'd here.

Gob. You shall not feele a worse stroake then your griefe,
I am sorry 'tis so sharpe, I kisse your hand,
And this night will deliuer this true storie,
With this hand to your brother.

Pan. Peace goe with you, you are a good man. *Ex. Go.*
My *Spaconia* why are you euer sad thus?

Spa. O deare Ladie!

Pan. Prethee discouer not a way to sadnesse,
Neerer then I haue in me, our two sorrowes
Worke like two eager Hawkes, who shal get highest:
How shall I lessen thine, for mine I feare
Is easier knowne then cur'de.

Spa. Heauen comfort both,
And giue you happy ends, how euer I
Fall in my stubborne fortunes.

Pan. This but teaches
How to be more familiar with our sorrowes,

That

That are too much our Masters in good *Spaconia*,
How shall I doe you seruice?

Spa. Noblest Ladie,
You make me more a slaue still to your goodnesse,
And onely liue to purchase thankes to pay you,
For that is all the businesse, of my life now.
I will be bold, since you will haue it, so
To aske a noble fauour of you.

Spa. Speake it, 'tis yours, for from so sweet a vertue,
no ill demand haz issue.

Spa. Then euer vertuous, let me begge your will
In helping me to see the Prince *Tigranes*,
With whom I am equall prisoner, if not more.

Pan. Reserue me to a greater end *Spaconia*;
Bacurius cannot want so much good manners
As to deny your gentle visitation,
Though you came onely with your own command.

Spa. I know they will deny me gracious Madame,
Being a stranger, and so little fam'd,
So vtter emptie of these excellencies,
That tame authority; but in you sweet Ladie,
All these are naturall; beside, a power
Deriued immediate from your Royall Brother,
Whose least word in you, may command the kingdome.

Pan. More then my word *Spaconia*, you shall carry,
For feare it faile you.

Spa. Dare you trust a token?
Madame, I feare I am growne too bold a begger.

Pan. You are a pretty one, and trust me Ladie
It ioyes me I shall doe a good to you,
Though to my selfe I neuer shall be happie:
Here take this Ring, and from me as a token
Deliuer it; I thinke they will not stay you:
So all your owne desires goe with you Ladie.

Spa. And sweet peace to your grace.

Pan. Pray God I finde it. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tigranes in prison.

Tigr. Foole that I am, I haue vndone my selfe,

And

And with my owne hand turn'd my fortune round,
That was a faire one: I haue childishly
Plaide with my hope so long, till I haue broke it,
And now too late I mourne for't: O *Spaconia*
Thou hast found an euen way to thy reuenge now,
Why didst thou follow me like a faint shadow,
To wither my desires? but wretched foole,
Why did I plant thee 'twixt the Sunne and me,
To make me freeze thus? why did I preferre her
To the faire Princesse? O thou foole, thou foole,
Thou family of fooles, liue like a slaue still,
And in thee beare thine owne hell and thy torment;
Thou hast deseru'd it: Could'st thou find no Lady
But she that haz thy hopes to put her to,
And hazard all thy peace? None to abuse
But she that lou'd thee euer? poore *Spaconia*,
And so much lou'd thee, that in honestie
And honour thou art bound to meete her vertues;
She that forgot the greatnesse of her griefe
And miseries, that must follow such mad passions,
Endlesse and wilde as women: She that for thee
And with thee left her libertie, her name,
And Countrie, you haue paide me equall, Heauens,
And sent my owne rod to correct me with:
A woman; for inconstancie ile suffer,
Lay it on Iustice, till my soule melt in me
For my vnmanly, beastly, sodaine doting
Vpon a new face; after all my oathes,
Many and strange ones,
I feele my olde fire flame againe and burne
So strong and violent; that should I see her
Againe, the griefe, and that would kill me.

Enter Bacurius and Spaconia.

Bac. Ladie,
Your token I acknowledge, you may passe;
There is the King.

Spa. I thanke your Lordship for it. *Exit. Bac.*

Tigr. She comes, she comes, shame hide me euer from

her,

her, would I were buried, or so farre remou'd
Light might not finde mee out: I dare not see her.
Spa. Nay, neuer hide your selfe; or were you hid
Where earth hides all her riches, neere her center;
My wrongs without more day would light me to you:
I must speake ere I dye; were all your greatnesse
Doubled vpon you, y'are a periur'd man
And onely mighty in your wickednesse
Of wronging women. Thou art false, false Prince;
I liue to see it, poore *Spaconia* liues
To tell thee thou art false; and then no more:
She liues to tell thee thou art more vnconstant,
Then all ill women euer were together;
Thy faith as firme as raging ouerflowes
That no banke can command; as lasting
As boyes gay bubles blowne in the aire and broken:
The winde is fixt to thee, and sooner shall
The beaten Marriner with his shrill whistle,
Calme the loud murmure of the troubled maine,
And strike it smooth againe; then thy soule fall
To haue peace in loue with any: Thou art all
That all good men must hate, and if thy storie
Shall tell succeeding ages what thou wert,
O let it spare me in it, lest true Louers
In pitty of my wrongs, burne thy blacke legend,
And with their curses shake thy sleeping ashes.
Tigr. Oh! oh!
Spa. The destinies I hope haue pointed out
Our ends alike, that thou maist die for loue
Though not for me: for this assure thy selfe,
The Princesse hates thee deadly, and will sooner
Be wonne to marry with a Bull, and safer,
Then such a beast as thou art. I haue strooke
I feare too deepe; beshrow me for't Sir,
This sorrow workes me like a cunning friendship,
Into the same piece with it; 'tis asham'd
Alas, I haue beene too rugged: Deare my Lord,
I am sorry I haue spoken any thing,

Indeed I am, that may adde more restraint
To that too much you haue: Good Sir be pleas'd
To thinke it was a fault of loue, not malice;
And doe as I will doe, forgiue it Prince,
I doe, and can forgiue the greatest sinnes
To me you can repent of; pray beleeue,

Tigr. O my *Spaconia!* O thou vertuous woman!

Spa. No more, the King Sir.

Enter Arbaces, Bacurius, Mardonius.

Arb. Haue you bin carefull of our noble prisoner
That he want nothing fitting for his greatnesse?

Bac. I hope his Grace will quite me for my care Sir.

Arb. 'Tis well: Royall *Tigranes* health.

Tigr. More then the strictnesse of this place can giue Sir,
I offer backe againe to great *Arbaces.*

Arb. We thanke you worthy Prince, and pray excuse vs,
We haue not seene you since your being here,
I hope your noble vsage haz beene equall
With your owne person: your imprisonment
If it be any, I dare say is easie,
And shall not out-last two daies.

Tigr. I thanke you:
My vsage here haz bin the same it was,
Worthy a roiall Conqueror. For my restraint
It came vnkindely, because much vnlook't for;
But I must beare it.

Arb. What Ladie's that *Bacurius?*

Bac. One of the Princes women Sir.

Arb. I fear'd it, why comes she hither?

Bac. To speake with the Prince *Tigranes.*

Arb. From whom *Bacurius?*

Bac. From the Princesse Sir.

Arb. I knew I had seene her.

Mar. His fit begins to take him now againe
'Tis a strange Feauer; and 'twill shake vs all anone, I feare;
Would he were well cur'de of this raging folly;
Giue mee the warres, where men are mad, and may talke
what they list, and held the bravest Fellowes. This pelting

praising

prating peace is good for nothing: drinking's a vertue to't.

Arb. I see there's truth in no man, nor obedience,
But for his owne ends, why did you let her in?

Bac. It was your own command to barre none from him,
Beside the Princesse sent her Ring Sir, for my warrant.

Arb. A token to *Tigranes*, did she not?
Sir, tell truth.

Bac. I doe not vse to lye Sir,
'Tis no way I eate or liue by, and I thinke,
This is no token Sir.

Mar. This combat haz vndone him: If he had been well beaten, he had beene temperate: I shall neuer see him handsome againe, till he haue a Horse-mans staffe yoakt through his shoulders, or an arme broke with a bullet.

Arb. I am trifled with.

Bac. Sir.

Arb. I know it, as I know thee to be false.

Mar. Now the clap comes.

Bac. You neuer knew me so Sir, I dare speake it,
And durst a worse man tell me though my better——

Mar. 'Tis well sed by my Soule.

Arb. Sirra you answere, as you had no life.

Bac. That I feare Sir to loose nobly.

Arb. I say Sir once againe.

Bac. You may say what you please Sir,
Would I might doe so.

Arb. I will Sir, and say openly this woman carries letters,
By my life I know she carries letters, this woman does it.

Mar. Would *Bessus* were here to take her aside and search her, he would quicklie tell you what she carried Sir.

Arb. I haue found it out, this woman carries letters.

Mar. If this hold, 'twill be an ill world for Bawdes, Chamber-maides, and Post-boyes, I thank God I haue none but his letters patents, things of his owne indighting.

Arb. Prince, this cunning cannot do't.

Tigr. Doe, what Sir? I reach you not.

Arb. It shall not serue your turne Prince.

Tigr. Serue my turne Sir?

Arb. I Sir, it shall not serue your turne.

Tigr. Be plainer good Sir.

Arb. This woman shall carry no more letters backe to your loue *Panthea*, by heauen she shall not, I say she shall not.

Mar. This would make a Saint sweare like a Soldiour.

Tigr. This beates me more King then the blowes you gaue me.

Arb. Take 'em away both, and together let them prisoners bee, strictly and closely kept, or Sirra your life shall answere it, and let no body speake with 'em hereafter.

Tigr. Well, I am subiect to you,
And must indure these passions:
This is the imprisonment I haue look't for alwaies,
And the deare place I would chuse. *Exeunt Tig. Spa. Bac.*

Mar. Sir, haue you done well now?

Arb. Dare you reproue it?

Mar. No.

Arb. You must be crossing me.

Mar. I haue no letters Sir, to anger you,
But a dry Sonnet of my Corporals
To an old Sutlers wife, and that Ile burne Sir:
'Tis like to proue a fine age for the Ignorant.

Arb. How dar'st thou so often forfaite thy life?
Thou know'st 'tis in my power to take it.

Mar. Yes, and I know you won-not, or if you doe you'le misse it quickly.

Arb. Why?

Mar. Who shall tell you of this childish follies
When I am dead? Who shall put to his power
To draw those vertues out of a floud of humors,
When they are drown'd, and make 'em shine againe?
No, cut my head off:
Then you may talke, and be beleeued, and grow worse,
And haue your too selfe-glorious temper rot
Into a dead sleepe, and the kingdome with you,
Till forraigne swords be in your throates, and slaughter
Be euery where about you like your flatterers.
Doe, kill me.

Arb.

Arb. Prethee be tamer good *Mardonius.*
Thou know'ſt I loue thee, nay I honour thee,
Beleeue it good old Soldiour, I am thine,
But I am rack't cleane from my ſelfe, beare with me,
Woot thou beare with me my *Mardonius?* *Enter Gobrias.*
Mar. There comes a good man, loue him too,
Hee's temperate.
You may liue to haue neede of ſuch a vertue,
Rage is not ſtill in faſhion.
Arb. Welcome good *Gobrias.*
Gob. My ſeruice and this letter to your grace.
Arb. From whom?
Gob. From the rich mine of vertue, and all beautie,
Your mournefull Siſter.
Arb. She is in priſon *Gobrias*, is ſhe not?
Gob. She is Sir, till your pleaſure to enlarge her,
Which on my knees I begge. O'tis not fit
That all the ſweetneſſe of the world in one,
The youth, and vertue that would tame wilde Tygers
And wilder people, that haue knowne no manners,
Should liue thus cloyſtered vp for your loues ſake,
If there be any in that Noble heart
To her a wretched Ladie, and forlorne,
Or for her loue to you, which is as much
As nature and obedience euer gaue,
Haue pittie on her beauties.
Arb. Pray thee ſtand vp; 'Tis true ſhe is too faire,
And all theſe commendations but her owne,
Would thou had'ſt neuer ſo commended her,
Or I nere liu'd to haue heard it *Gobrias*;
If thou but knew'ſt the wrong her beauty does her
Thou would'ſt in pitty of her be a lyer:
Thy ignorance haz drawne me wretched man
Whether my ſelfe nor thou canſt wel tell; O my fate!
I thinke ſhe loues me, but I feare another
Is deeper in her heart: How think'ſt thou *Gobrias?*
Gob. I doe beſeech your Grace beleeue it not,
For let me periſh if it be not falſe,

Good Sir read her Letter.

Mar. This Loue, or what a diuell it is I know not, begets more miſchiefe then a Wake. I had rather be well beaten, ſtaru'd, or lowſie, then liue within the ayre on't. He that had ſeene this braue fellow charge through a groue of pikes but tother day, and looke vpon him now, will nere beleeue his eyes againe: If he continue thus but two dayes more, a Taylor may beate him with one hand tied behinde him.

Arb. Alas, ſhe would be at libertie.
And there be thouſand reaſons *Gobrias*,
Thouſands that will deny't:
Which if ſhe knew, ſhe would contentedly
Be where ſhe is, and bleſſe her vertue for it
And me, though ſhe were cloſer. She would *Gobrias*,
Good man indeed ſhe would.

Gob. Then good Sir for her ſatisfaction,
Send for her, and with reaſon make her know
Why ſhe muſt liue thus from you.

Arb. I will; goe bring her to me. *Exeunt all.*

Enter Beſſus and two Sword-men, and a Boy.

Beſ. Y'are very welcome both, ſome ſtooles there boy,
And reach a Table; Gentlemen oth' Sword,
Pray ſit without more complement: begone childe,
I haue bin curious in the ſearching of you,
Becauſe I vnderſtand you wiſe, and valiant perſons.

1 We vnderſtand our ſelues Sir.

Beſ. Nay Gentlemen, and my deere friends oth' Sword,
No complement I pray, but to'th cauſe
I hang vpon, which in few, is my honour,

2 You cannot hang too much Sir for your honour,
But to your cauſe.

Beſ. Be wiſe, and ſpeake truth, my firſt doubt is, my beating by my Prince.

1 Stay there a little Sir, doe you doubt a beating?
Or haue you had a beating by your Prince?

Beſ. Gentlemen oth' ſword, my Prince haz beaten me,

2 Brother, what thinke you of this caſe?

1 If he haz beaten him, the caſe is cleere.

2 If a haue beaten him, I grant the caſe;
But how? We cannot be too ſubtill in this buſineſſe
I ſay, but how?

Bef. Euen with his rolall hand.

1 Was it a blow of loue or indignation.

Bef. 'Twas twenty blowes of indignation Gentlemen,
Beſides two blowes oth' face.

2 Thoſe blowes oth' face haue made a new cauſe on't,
The reſt were but an honourable rudeneſſe.

1 Two blowes oth' face, and giuen by a worſe man, I muſt confeſſe as we Sword-men ſay, had turn'd the buſineſſe: Marke me brother, by a worſe man; but being by his Prince, had they beene ten, and thoſe ten drawn ten teeth, beſide the hazard of his noſe for euer; all this had beene but fauours: This is my flat opinion, which Ile die in.

2 The King may doe much Captaine, beleeue it, for had a crackt your ſcull through like a bottle, or broke a ribbe or two with toſſing of you, yet you had loſt no honour: This is ſtrange you may imagine; but this is truth, now Captaine.

Bef. I will be glad to imbrace it Gentlemen;
But how farre may he ſtrike me?

1 There's another:
A new cauſe riſing from the time, and diſtance,
In which I will deliuer my opinion:
He may ſtrike, beate, or cauſe to be beaten; for theſe are naturall to man: your Prince, I ſay may beate you, ſo farre forth as his dominion reacheth; that's for the diſtance; the time, ten mile a day, I take it.

2 Brother, you erre, 'tis fifteene mile a day,
His ſtage is ten, his beatings are fifteene.

Bef. 'Tis a the longeſt, but we Subiects muſt.

1 Be ſubiect to it: you are wiſe and vertuous.

Bef. Obedience euer makes that noble vſe on't,
To which I dedicate my beaten bodie;
I muſt trouble you a litele further Gentlemen oth' Sword.

2 No trouble at all to vs Sir, if we may
Profit your vnderſtanding; we are bound
By vertue of our calling, to vtter our opinions

Shortly

ſhortly, and diſcreetly.

Beſ. My ſoreſt buſineſſe is, I haue bin kickt.

2 How farre Sir?

Beſ. Not to flatter my ſelfe in it, all ouer, my ſword forſt, but not loſt; for diſcreetly I renderd it to ſaue that imputation.

1 It ſhew'd diſcretion, the beſt part of valour.

2 Brother, this is a pretty caſe, pray ponder on't,
Our friend here haz beene kickt.

1 He haz ſo brother.

2 Sorely he ſaies: Now had he ſet downe here
Vpon the meere kicke, t' had beene cowardly.

1 I thinke it had beene cowardly indeed.

2 But our friend haz redeem'd it in deliuering
His ſword without compulſion; and that man
That tooke it of him, I pronounce a weake one,
And his kicks nullities.
A ſhould haue kickt him after the deliuerie,
Which is the confirmation of a coward.

1 Brother, I take it you miſtake the queſtion:
For ſay that I were kickt.

2 I muſt not ſay ſo;
Nor I muſt not heare it ſpoke by the tongue of man,
You kickt deere brother? you'r merry.

1 But put the caſe I were kickt?

2 Let them put it that are things weary of their liues, and know not honour: put the caſe you were kickt?

1 I doe not ſay I was kickt.

2 Nor no ſilly creature, that weares his head without a caſe, his ſoule in a skinne coate: You kickt deere brother?

Beſ. Nay Gentlemen, let vs doe that we ſhall doe,
Truely and honeſtly: Good Sirs to the queſtion.

1 Why then I ſay, ſuppoſe your boy kickt, Captaine.

2 The boy may be ſuppoſ'd is lyable.

1 A fooliſh forward zeale Sir in my friend;
But to the boy, ſuppoſe the boy were kickt?

Beſ. I doe ſuppoſe it.

1 Haz your boy a ſword?

Bes. Surely no: I pray ſuppoſe a ſword too.

1 I doe ſuppoſe it: you grant your boy was kickt then.

2 By no meanes Captaine, let it be ſuppoſ'd ſtill; the word grant, makes not for vs.

1 I ſay this muſt be granted.

2 This muſt be granted brother?

1 I, This muſt be granted.

2 Still this muſt?

1 I ſay this muſt be granted.

2 Giue me the muſt againe; brother you palter.

1 I will not heare you waſpe.

2 Brother, I ſay you palter, the muſt three times together; I weare as ſharpe ſteele as another man,
And my fox bites as deepe, muſted my deere brother?
But to the cauſe againe.

Bes. Nay, looke you Gentlemen.

2 In a word, I ha done.

1 A tall man, but vntemperate, 'tis great pittie,
Once more ſuppoſe the boy kickt.

2 Forward.

1 And being throughly kickt, laughes at the kicker,

2 So much for vs; proceede.

1 And in this beaten ſcorne, as I may call it,
Deliuers vp his weapon: where lies the error?

Bes. It lies ith beating Sir,
I found it foure daies ſince.

2 The error and a ſore one, as I take it,
Lies in the thing kicking.

Bes. I vnderſtand that well, 'tis ſore indeed Sir.

1 That is according to the man that did it.

2 There ſprings a new branch, whoſe was the foote?

Bes. A Lords.

1 The cauſe is mighty, but had it beene two Lords,
And both had kickt you, if you laught, 'tis cleere.

Bes. I did laugh,
But how will that helpe me Gentlemen?

2 Yes, it ſhall helpe you, if you laught alowd.

Bes. As lowde as a kickt man could laugh, I laught Sir:

1 My reason now, the valiant man is knowne
By suffering and contemning, you haue
Enough of both, and you are valiant.
2 If he be sure he haz bin kickt enough:
For that braue sufferance you speake of brother,
Consists not in a beating and away.
But in a cudgeld bodie, from eighteene
To eight and thirty: in a head rebuk't
With pots of all size, daggers, stooles, & bed-staues,
This showes a valiant man.
Bes. Then I am valiant, as valiant as the proudest,
For these are all familiar things to me:
Familiar as my sleepe, or want of money.
All my whole bodie's but one bruise with beating,
I thinke I haue beene cudgeld with all nations,
And almost all religions.
2 Imbrace him brother, this man is valiant,
I know it by my selfe hee's valiant.
1 Captaine, thou art a valiant Gentleman
To bide vpon, a very valiant man.
Bes. My equall friends oth'sword, I must request your
hands to this.
2 'Tis fit it should be.
Bes. Boy, get some wine, and pen and Inke within:
Am I cleere gentlemen?
1 Sir, the world haz taken notice what we haue done,
Make much of your body, for He pawne my steele,
Men will be coyer of their legs hereafter.
Bes. I must request you goe along and testifie to the
Lord *Bacurius*, whose foote haz strucke me, how you finde
my cause.
2 We will, and tell that Lord he must be rul'd,
Or there be those abroad, will rule his Lordship. *Exeunt.*

Enter Arbaces at one dore and Gob and Panthea at another.

Gob. Sir, here's the Princesse.
Arb. Leaue vs then alone,
For the maine cause of her imprisonment
Must not be heard by any, but her selfe. *Exit Gob.*

Your welcome Sister, and I would to God
I could so bid you by another name:
If you aboue loue not such sinnes as these,
Circle my heart with thoughts as cold as snow
To quench these rising flames that harbour here.
Pan. Sir, does it please you, I shall speake?
Arb. Please me?
I more then all the art of Musicke can;
Thy speech doth please me, for it euer sounds
As thou brought'st ioyfull vnexpected newes:
And yet it is not fit thou should'st be heard,
I pray thee thinke so.
Pan. Be it so, I will.
I am the first that euer had a wrong
So farre from being fit to haue redresse
That 'twas vnfit to heare it; I will backe
To prison, rather, then disquiet you,
And waite till it be fit.
Arb. No, doe not goe;
For I will heare thee with a serious thought:
I haue collected all that's man about me
Together strongly, and I am resolu'd
To heare thee largely, but I doe beseech thee
Doe not come neerer to me, for there is
Something in that, that will vndoe vs both.
Pan. Alas Sir, am I venome?
Arb. Yes to me,
Though of thy selfe I thinke thee to be
In as equall a degree of heate, or cold,
As Nature can make: yet as vnsound men
Conuert the sweetest and the nourishing'st meates
Into diseases, so shall I distemper'd,
Doe thee, I pray thee draw no nearer to me.
Pan. Sir, this is that I would: I am of late
Shut from the world, and why it should be thus
Is all I wish to know.
Arb. Why credit me *Panthea*,
Credit me that am thy brother,

Thy louing brother, that there is a cause
Sufficient, yet vnfit for thee to know,
That might vndoe thee euerlastingly
Onely to heare, wilt thou but credit this,
By heauen 'tis true, beleeue it if thou canst.

Pan. Children and fooles are euer credulous,
And I am both I thinke, for I beleeue:
If you dissemble, be it on your head,
Ile backe vnto my prison: yet me thinkes
I might be kept in some place where you are;
For in my selfe I finde I know not what
To call it, but it is a great desire
To see you often.

Arb. Fye, you come in a step, what doe you meane?
Deare Sister, doe not so: Alas *Panthea*,
Where I am would you be? why that's the cause
You are impriſon'd, that you may not be
Where I am.

Pan. Then I muſt indure it Sir, God keepe you.

Arb. Nay, you ſhall heare the cauſe in ſhort *Panthea*.
And when thou hear'ſt it, thou wilt bluſh for me,
And hang thy head downe like a Violet
Full of the morninges dewe: There is a way
To gaine thy freedome, but 'tis ſuch a one
As puts thee in worſe bondage, and I know,
Thou would'ſt encounter fire, and make a proofe
Whether the gods haue care of innocence,
Rather then follow it: know I haue loſt
The onely difference betwixt man and beaſt,
My reaſon.

Pan. Heauen forbid.

Arb. Nay, it is gone,
And I am left as farre without a bound,
As the wilde Ocean that obeyes the winder;
Each ſodaine paſſion throwes me as it liſts
And ouerwhelmes all that oppoſe my will:
I haue beheld thee with a luſtfull eye,
My heart is ſet on wickedneſſe, to act

Such ſins with thee, as I haue beene afraid
To thinke of, if thou dar'ſt conſent to this,
Which I beſeech thee doe not, thou maiſt gaine
Thy liberty, and yeeld me a content:
If not thy dwelling muſt be darke, and cloſe,
Where I may neuer ſee thee; For God knowes
That layd this puniſhment vpon my pride,
Thy ſight at ſometime will enforce my madneſſe
To make a ſtart eene to thy rauiſhing:
Now ſpit vpon me, and call all reproaches
Thou canſt deuiſe together, and at once
Hurle 'em againſt me: for I am a ſickneſſe
As killing as the plague, ready to ſeize thee.

Pan. Farre be it from me to reuile the king:
But it is true, that I ſhall rather chuſe
To ſearch out death, that elſe would ſearch out me,
And in a graue ſleepe with my innocence,
Then welcome ſuch a ſinne: It is my fate,
To theſe croſſe accidents I was ordain'd,
And muſt haue patience; and but that my eyes
Haue more of woman in 'em then my heart,
I would not weepe: Peace enter you againe.

Arb. Farewell, and good *Panthea* pray for me,
Thy prayers are pure, that I may finde a death
How euer ſoone, before my paſſions grow,
That they forget what I deſire is ſinne,
For thither they are tending: if that happen,
Then I ſhall force thee though tho'wert a Virgin
By vow to heauen, and ſhall pull a heape
Of ſtrange, yet vninuented ſins vpon me.

Pan. Sir, I will pray for you, yet you ſhall know
It is a ſullen fate that gouernes vs.
For I could wiſh as heartily as you
I were no Siſter to you, I ſhould then
Imbrace your lawfull loue ſooner then health.

Arb. Could'ſt thou affect me then?

Pan. So perfectly
That as it is, I neuer ſhall ſway my heart

To like another.

Arb. Then I curſe my birth,
Muſt this be added to my miſeries
That thou art willing too? Is there no ſtop
To our full happineſſe, but theſe meere ſounds
Brother and Siſter?

Pan. There is nothing elſe,
But theſe alas will ſeparate vs more
Then twenty worlds betwixt vs.

Arb. I haue liu'd
To conquer men, and now am ouerthrowne
Onely by words, Brother and Siſter? where
Haue thoſe words dwelling? I will finde 'em out
And vtterly deſtroy 'em, but they are
Not to be graſp'd: let 'em be men or beaſts,
And I will cut 'em from the earth, or townes,
And I will raze 'em, and then blow 'em vp;
Let 'em be Seas, and I will drinke 'em off,
And yet haue vnquencht fire left in my breaſt:
Let 'em be any thing but meerely voice.

Pan. But 'tis not in the power of any Force
Or pollicie to conquer them.

Arb. *Panthea*, What ſhall we doe?
Shall we ſtand firmely here, and gaze our eyes out?

Pan. Would I could doe ſo,
But I ſhall weepe out mine.

Arb. Accurſed man,
Thou boughtſt thy reaſon at too deare a rate;
For thou haſt all thy actions bounded in
With curious rules, when euery Beaſt is free:
What is there that acknowledges a kindred
But wretched Man? Who euer ſaw the Bull
Fearefully leaue the Heifer that he lik'd
Becauſe they had one Damme?

Pan. Sir, I diſturbe you, and my ſelfe too;
'Twere better I were gone.

Arb. I will not be ſo fooliſh as I was,
Stay, we will loue juſt as becomes our births,

No otherwise: Brothers and Sisters may
Walke hand in hand together; so will we;
Come nearer: Is there any hurt i'this?
Pan. I hope not.
Arb. Faith there is none at all:
And tell me truely now, is there not one
You loue aboue me?
Pan. No by Heauen.
Arb. Why yet you sent vnto *Tigranes*, Sister.
Pan. True, but for another: for the truth.
Arb. No more,
Ile credit thee, I know thou canst not lye,
Thou art all truth.
Pan. But is there nothing else
That we may doe, but onely walke; me thinkes
Brothers and Sisters lawfully may kisse.
Arb. And so they may *Panthea*, so will we,
And kisse againe too; we were scrupulous,
And foolish, but we will be so no more.
Pan. If you haue any mercy, let me goe
To prison, to my death, to any thing:
I feele a sinne growing vpon my bloud,
Worse then all these, hotter I feare then yours.
Arb. That is impossible. what should we doe?
Pan. Flye Sir, for Gods sake.
Arb. So we must away,
Sinne growes vpon vs more by this delay. *Exeunt.*

The end of the Fourth Act.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Mardonius, and Lygones.

Mar. SIR, the King haz seene your Commission, and beleeues it, and freely by this warrant giues you power to visit Prince *Tigranes*, your noble Master.
Lyg. I thanke his Grace, and kisse his hand.

Mar.

Mar. But is the maine of all your buſineſſe
Ended in this?

Lyg. I haue another, but a worſe, I am aſham'd, it is a buſineſſe.———

Mar. You ſerue a worthie perſon, and a ſtranger I am ſure you are; you may imploy me if you pleaſe without your purſe, ſuch offices ſhould euer bee their owne rewards.

Lyg I am bound to your nobleneſſe.

Mar. I may haue neede of you, and then this courteſie,
If it be any, is not ill beſtowed:
But may I ciuilly deſire the reſt?
I ſhall not be a hurter, if no helper.

Lyg. Sir you ſhall know I haue loſt a fooliſh daughter, and with her all my patience, pilfer'd away
By a meane Captaine of your kings.

Mar. Saty there Sir:
If he haue reacht the noble worth of Captaine,
He may well claime a worthie gentlewoman,
Though ſhe were yours, and noble.

Lyg. I graunt all that too: but this wretched fellow
Reaches no further then the emptie name,
That ſerues to feede him; were a valiant,
Or had but in him any noble nature
That might hereafter promiſe him a good man,
My cares were ſo much lighter, and my graue
A ſpan yet from me.

Mar. I confeſſe ſuch fellowes
Be in all roiall campes and haue, and muſt be,
To make the ſinne of Coward more deteſted
In the meane ſouldier, that with ſuch a foyle
Sets off much valour: By deſcription
I ſhould now gueſſe him to you. It was *Beſſus*,
I dare almoſt with confidence pronounce it.

Lyg. Tis ſuch a ſcuruy name as *Beſſus*, and now I thinke tis he.

Mar. Captaine, doe you call him?
Beleeue me Sir, you haue a miſerie
Too mighty for your age: A poxe vpon him.

For

For that must be the end of all his seruice:
Your daughter was not mad Sir?

Lyg. No, would she had beene.
The fault had had more credit: I would doe something.

Mar. I would faine counsell you; but to what I know not:
He's so below a beating, that the women
Finde him not worthy of their distaues; and to hang him,
Were to cast away a rope;
Hee's such an ayrie, thinne, vnbodied coward,
That no reuenge can catch him:
Ile tell you Sir, and tell you truth; this rascall
Feares neither God nor man, haz bin so beaten:
Sufferance haz made him wainscot; he haz had
Since a was first a slaue, at least three hundred daggers
Set in's head, as little boyes doe new knives in hot meate,
There's not a rib in's body, a my conscience
That haz not bin thrice broken with dry beating;
And now his sides looke like to wicker Targets,
Euery way bended.
Children will shortly take him for a wall
And set their stone-bowes in his forhead. Hee is of so bace a sence I cannot in a weeke imagine what shall be done to him.

Lyg. Sure I haue committed some great sinne
That this strange fellow should be made my rod,
I would see him, but I shall haue no patience.

Mar. 'Tis no great matter if you haue not; if a laming of him, or such a toy may doe you pleasure Sir, he has it for you, and Ile helpe you to him: 'tis no newes to him to haue a leg broke, or a shoulder out, with being turn'd ath' stones like a Tanzie: Draw not your sword, if you loue it; for on my conscience his head will breake it: we vse him ith' warres like a Rammer to shake a wall withall; here comes the very person of him, doe as you shall finde your temper, I must leaue you: but if you doe not breake him like a Bisket, you are much to blame Sir. *Exit Mar.*

Enter Bessus and the Sword-men.

Lyg. Is your name *Bessus*?

Bes. Men call me Captaine *Bessus*.

Lyg. Then Captaine *Bessus*, you are a ranke rascall, without more exordiums, a durty frozen slaue; and with the fauour of your friends here, I will beate you.

2 *Swor.* Pray vse your pleasure Sir, you seeme to be a Gentleman.

Lyg. Thus Captaine *Bessus*, thus; thus twinge your nose, thus kicke, and thus treade you.

Bes. I doe beseech you yeeld your cause Sir quickly.

Lyg. Indeed I should haue told you that first.

Bes. I take it so.

1 *Swor.* Captaine, a should indeed, he is mistaken.

Lyg. Sir, you shall haue it quickly, and more beating;
You haue stolne away a Lady Captaine Coward
And such a one. *Beates him.*

Bes. Hold, I beseech you, hold Sir,
I neuer yet stole any liuing thing that had a tooth about it.

Lyg. Sir, I know you dare lye.

Bes. With none but Summer Whores vpon my life sir,
My meanes and manners neuer could attempt
Aboue a hedge or hey-cocke.

Lyg. Sirra, that quits not me, where is this Lady?
Doe that you doe not vse to doe; tell truth,
Or by my hand, Ile beate your your Captaines braines out,
Wash 'em, and put 'em in againe, that will I.

Bes. There was a Lady Sir, I must confesse,
Once in my charge: the Prince *Tigranes* gaue her
To my guard for her safetie, how I vs'd her,
She may her selfe report, shee's with the Prince now:
I did but waite vpon her like a Groome,
Which she will testifie I am sure: If not,
My braines are at your seruice when you please sir,
And glad I haue 'em for you.

Lyg. This is most likely, Sir I aske you pardon,
And am sorry I was so intemperate.

Bes. Well, I can aske no more, you would think it strange
Now to haue me beate you at first sight.

Lyg. Indeed I would, but I know your goodnes can forget
Twenty beatings. You must forgiue me.

Bes.

Bef. Yes, there's my hand, goe where you will, I ſhall thinke you a valiant fellow for all this.

Lyg. My daughter is a Whore.
I feele it now too ſencible; yet I will ſee her,
Diſcharge my ſelfe of being Father to her,
And then backe to my Countrey, and there die.
Farewell Captaine. *Exit Lygo.*

Bef. Farewell Sir, farewell, commend me to the Gentlewoman I pray.

1 *Swo.* How now Captaine? beare vp man.

Bef. Gentlemen oth' ſword, your hands once more, I haue Bin kickt agen, but the fooliſh fellow is penitent,
Haz askt me mercy, and my honour ſafe.

2 *Swor.* We knew that, or the fooliſh fellow had better haue kickt his Grandſire.

Bef. Confirme, confirme I pray.

1 *Swor.* There be our hands agen,
Now let him come, and ſay a was not ſorry,
And a ſleepes for it.

Bef. Alas good ignorant old man, let him goe,
Let him goe, theſe courſes will vndoe him. *Exeunt cleere.*

Enter Lygones, and Bacurius.

Bac. My Lord, your authority is good, and I am glad it is ſo, for my conſent would neuer hinder you from ſeeing your owne king. I am a Miniſter, but not a gouernour of this ſtate, yonder is your king, Ile leaue you. *Exit.*

Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.

Lyg. There he is indeed,
And with him my diſloyall childe.

Tigr. I doe perceiue my fault ſo much, that yet
Me thinkes thou ſhouldſt not haue forgiuen me.

Lyg. Health to your Maieſtie.

Tigr. What? good *Lygones*, welcome, what buſineſſe brought thee hither?

Lyge. Seuerall Buſineſſes.
My publike buſineſſe will appeare by this:
I haue a meſſage to deliuer, which
If it pleaſe you ſo to authoriſe, is

An embaſſage from the Armenia ſtate,
Vnto *Arbaces* for your libertie:
The offer's there ſet downe, pleaſe you to reade it.
Tigr. There is no alteration happened
Since I came thence?
Lyg. None Sir, all is as it was.
Tigr. And all our friends are well.
Lyg. All very well.
Spa. Though I haue done nothing but what was good,
I dare not ſee my Father. It was fault
Enough not to acquaint him with that good.
Lyg. Madame I ſhould haue ſeene you.
Spa. O good Sir forgiue me.
Lyg. Forgiue you, why? I am no kin to you am I?
Spa. Should it be meaſur'd by my meane deſerts,
Indeed you are not.
Lyg. Thou couldſt prate vnhappily
Ere thou couldſt goe, would thou couldſt doe as well,
And how does your cuſtome hold out here?
Spa. Sir?
Lyg. Are you in priuate ſtill, or how?
Spa. What doe you meane?
Lyg. Doe you take money? are you come to ſell ſin yet? perhaps I can helpe you to liberall Clients: or haz not the King caſt you off yet? O thou vilde creature, whoſe beſt commendations is, that thou art a young Whore. I would thy Mother had liu'd to ſee this: or rather, would I had died ere I had ſeen it: why did'ſt not make me acquainted when thou wert firſt reſolued to be a Whore?
I would haue ſeene thy hot luſt ſatisfied
More priuately: I would haue kept a Dancer,
And a whole conſort of Muſitions
In my owne houſe, onely to fiddle thee:
Spa. Sir, I was neuer whore.
Lyg. If thou couldſt not ſay ſo much for thy ſelfe, thou ſhouldſt be Carted.
Tigr. *Lygones*, I haue read it, and I like it,
You ſhall deliuer it.

Lyg.

Lyg. Well Sir, I will: but I haue priuate buſines with you,
Tigr. Speake, what iſt?
Lyg. How haz my age deſerv'd ſo ill of you,
That you can picke no ſtrumpets i'the Land,
But out of my breed?
Tigr. Strumpets good *Lygones?*
Lyg. Yes, and I wiſh to haue you know, I ſcorne
To get a Whore for my Prince aliue,
And yet ſcorne will not help me thinkes: My daughter
Might haue beene ſparde, there were enough beſides.
Tigr. May I not proſper, but ſhee's innocent
As morning light for me, and I dare ſweare,
For all the world.
Lyg. Why is ſhe with you then?
Can ſhe waite on you better then your man,
Haz ſhe a gift in plucking off your ſtockings,
Can ſhe make Candles well, or cut your Cornes,
Why doe you keepe her with you? For a Queene
I know you doe contemne her, ſo ſhould I,
And euery Subiect elſe thinke much at it.
Tigr. Let 'em thinke much, but tis more firme then earth
Thou ſee'ſt thy Queene there.
Lyg. Then haue I made a faire hand, I cald her Whore,
If I ſhall ſpeake now as her father, I cannot chuſe
But greatly reioyce that ſhe ſhall be a Queene: but if
I ſhall ſpeake to you as a Statеſman, ſhe were more fit
To be your Whore.
Tigr. Get you about your buſineſſe to *Arbaces*,
Now you talke idlie.
Lyg. Yes Sir, I will goe.
And ſhall ſhe be a Queene? ſhe had more wit
Then her old Father when ſhe ranne away:
Shall ſhe be Queene? now by my troth 'tis fine,
Ile dance out of all meaſure at her wedding:
Shall I not ſir?
Tigr. Yes marry ſhalt thou.
Lyg. Ile make theſe withered kexes beare my body
Two houres together aboue ground.

Tigr. Nay goe, my businesse requires hast.
Lyg. Good God preserue you, you are an excellent king.
Spa. Farewell good Father.
Lyg. Farewell sweet vertuous Daughter.
I neuer was so ioyfull in my life,
That I remember: shall she be a Queene?
Now I perceiue, a man may weepe for ioy,
I had thought they had lied that said so. *Exit Lygo.*
Tyg. Come my deare loue.
Spa. But you may see another
May alter that againe.
Tygr. Vrge it no more,
I haue made vp a new strong constancie,
Not to be shooke with eyes: I know I haue
The passions of a man, but if I meete
With any subiect that should hold my eyes
More firmely then is fit, Ile thinke of thee,
And runne away from it: let that suffice. *Exeunt all.*

Enter Bacurius, and his seruant.

Bac. Three gentlemen without to speake with me?
Ser. Yes Sir.
Bac. Let them come in.

Enter Bessus, with the two Sword-men.

Ser. They are entred Sir already.
Bac. Now fellowes, your busines? are these the Gentlemen?
Bess. My Lord I haue made bold to bring these Gentlemen my Frinds ath'sword along with me.
Bac. I am afraid youle fight then.
Bes. My good Lord I will not, your Lordship is mistaken, Feare not Lord:
Bac. Sir I am sorry fort.
Bes. I aske no more in honor, Gentlemen you heare my Lord is sorrie:
Bac. Not that I haue beaten you, but beaten one that will be beaten: one whose dull bodie will require a laming:
As surfeits doe the diet, spring and fall.
Now to your Sword-men,
What come they for good Captaine Stock-fish?

Bes.

Bef. It seemes your Lordship has forgot my name.

Bac. No, nor your nature neither, though they are things fitter I must confesse for any thing, then my remembrance, or any honest mans, what shall these billets doe, be pilde vp in my Wood-yard?

Bef. Your Lordship holds your mirth still, God continue it: but for these Gentlemen they come.

Bac. To sweare you are a coward, spare your booke, I doe beleeue it.

Bef. Your Lordship still drawes wide, they come to vouch vnder their valiant hands, I am no Coward.

Bac. That would be a show indeed worth seeing: sirra be wise, and take money for this motion, trauaile with it, and where the name of *Bessus* haz beene knowne, or a good Coward stirring, 'twill yeeld more then a tilting. This will proue more beneficiall to you, if you be thriftie, then your Captaineship, and more naturall; Men of most valiant hands is this true?

2 *Swor.* It is so most renowned.

Bac. Tis somwhat strange.

1 *Swor.* Lord it is strange, yet true; wee haue examined from your Lordships foote there, to this mans head, the nature of the beatings; and we doe find his honour is come off cleane, and sufficient: This, as our swords shall helpe vs.

Bac. You are much bound to your Bilbo-men, I am glad you are straight againe Captaine: 'twere good you would thinke some way to gratifie them, they haue vnder-gone a labour for you *Bessus*, would haue puzzeld *Hercules* with all his valour.

2 *Swor.* Your Lordship must vnderstand we are no men ath' Law, that take pay for our opinions: it is sufficient wee haue cleer'd our friend.

Bac. Yet there is something due, which I as toucht in conscience will discharge Captaine, Ile pay this rent for you.

Bef. Spare your selfe my good Lord, my braue friends aymeat nothing but the vertue.

Bac. That's but a cold discharge Sir for the paines.

2 *Swor.* O Lord, my good Lord.

Bac.

Bac. Be not ſo modeſt, I will giue you ſomething.

Beſ. They ſhall dine with your Lordſhip, that's ſufficient.

Bac. Something in hand the while; you rouges, you apple-ſquiers: doe you come hether with your botled valour, your windie froth, to limit out my beatings?

1 *Swor.* I doe beſeech your Lordſhip.

2 *Swor.* O good Lord.

Bac. Sfoote, what a beauie of beaten ſlaues are here? get me a cudgell ſirra and a tough one.

2 *Swor.* More of your foot, I doe beſeech your Lordſhip.

Bac. You ſhall, you ſhall dog, and your fellow Beagle.

1 *Swor.* A this ſide good my Lord.

Bac. Off with your ſwords, for if you hurt my foote, Ile haue you fleade you raſcals.

1 *Swor.* Mine's off my Lord.

2 *Swor.* I beſeech your Lordſhip ſtay a little, my ſtrappe's tied to my codpiece point: now when you pleaſe.

Bac. Captaine, theſe are your valiant friends, you long for a ſittle too?

Beſ. I am very well I humbly thanke your Lordſhip.

Bac. What's that in your pocket ſlaue, my toe you mungrell? thy buttocks cannot be ſo hard, out with it quickly.

2 *Swor.* Here'tis Sir, a ſmall peece of Artillery, that a gentleman a deare friend of your Lordſhips ſent me with, to get it mended Sir; for if you marke, the noſe is ſomewhat looſe.

Bac. A friend of mine you raſcall, I was neuer wearier of doing nothing, then kicking theſe two foot-balls.

Enter Seruant, Will. Adkinſon:

Ser. Here's a good cudgell Sir.

Bac. It comes too late, I'me weary, pray thee doe thou beate them.

2 *Swo.* My Lord this is foule play ifaith, to put a freſh man vpon vs; Men are but men Sir.

Bac. That leaſt ſhall ſaue your bones; Captaine, rally vp your rotten regiment, and be gone; I had rather thraſh, then be bound to kicke theſe raſcals, till they cride ho: *Beſſus* you may put your hand to them now, and then you are quit. Farewell,

Farewell, as you like this, pray visit me againe, 'twill keepe me in good breath. *Exit Bac.*

2 *Swor.* Haz a diuelliſh hard foote, I neuer felt the like.

1 *Swor.* Nor I, and yet I am ſure I haue felt a hundred.

2 *Swor.* If a kicke thus ith dog-daies, a will be drie foundred: what cure now Captaine, beſides oyle of baies?

Beſ. Why well enough I warrant you, you can goe?

2 *Swor.* Yes God be thanked; but I feele a ſhrewd ach, ſure haz ſprang myhuckle-bone.

1 *Swor.* I ha loſt a hanch.

Beſ. A little butter friend, a little butter; butter and parſeley is a ſoueraigne matter: *probatum eſt.*

2 *Swor.* Captaine, wee muſt requeſt your hand now to our honours.

Beſ. Yes marry ſhall ye, and then let all the world come, we are valiant to our ſelues, and there's an end.

1 *Swo.* Nay, then we muſt be valiant; O my ribs.

2 *Swor.* O my ſmall guts, a plague vpon theſe ſharpetoed ſhooes they are murtherers. *Exeunt cleere.*

Enter Arbaces with his ſword drawne.

Arb. It is reſolu'd, I bore it whilſt I could,
I can no more,
I muſt beginne
With murther of my friend, and ſo goe on
To an inceſtuous raviſhing, and end
My life and ſinnes with a forbidden blow,
Vpon my ſelfe.

Enter Mardonius.

Mar. What Tragedie is neere?
That hand was neuer wont to draw a ſword,
But it cried dead to ſomething.

Arb. *Mardonius* haue you bid *Gobrias* come?

Mar. How doe you ſir?

Arb. Well, is a comming?

Bac. Be not ſo modeſt, I will giue you ſomething.

Beſ. They ſhall dine with your Lordſhip, that's ſufficient.

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I can no more,
I muſt beginne
With murther of my friend, and ſo goe on
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Vpon my ſelfe.

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But it cried dead to ſomething.

Arb. *Mardonius* haue you bid *Gobrias* come?

Mar. How doe you ſir?

Arb. Well, is a comming?

Mar. Why ſir are you thus?
Why does your hand proclaime a lawleſſe warre
Againſt your ſelfe?

Arb. Thou anſwereſt me one queſtion with another,
Is *Gobrias* comming?

Mar. Sir, he is.

Arb. 'Tis well, I can forbeare your queſtions then, be gone.

Mar. Sir, I haue mark't.

Arb. Marke leſſe, it troubles you and me.

Mar. You are more variable then you were.

Arb. It may be ſo.

Mar. To day no Hermit could be humbler
Then you were to vs all.

Arb. And what of this?

Mar. And now you take new rage into your eyes,
As you would looke vs all out of the Land.

Arb. I doe confeſſe it, will that ſatisfie?
I prethee get thee gone.

Mar. Sir, I will ſpeake.

Arb. Will ye?

Mar. It is my duty,
I feare you will kill your ſelfe: I am a ſubiect,
And you ſhall doe me wrong in't: 'tis my cauſe,
And I may ſpeake.

Arb. Thou art not train'd in ſinne,
It ſeemes *Mardonius*: kill my ſelfe, by heauen
I will not doe it yet; and when I will,
Ile tell thee then: I ſhall be ſuch a creature,
That thou wilt giue me leaue without a word.
There is a method in mans wickedneſſe,
It growes vp by degrees; I am not come
So high as killing of my ſelfe, there are
A hundred thouſand ſinnes 'twixt me and it,
Which I muſt doe, I ſhall come to't at laſt,
But take my oath not now, be ſatisfied.

And get thee hence.

Mar. I am ſorry 'tis ſo ill.

Arb. Be ſorry then,
True ſorrow is alone, grieue by thy ſelfe.

Mar. I pray you let me ſee your ſword put vp
Before I goe; Ile leaue you then.

Arb. Why ſo.
What folly is this in thee, is it not
As apt to miſchiefe as it was before?
Can I not reach it think'ſt thou? theſe are toies
For children to be pleaſ'd with, and not men;
Now I am ſafe you thinke: I would the booke
Of fate were here, my ſword is not ſo ſure,
But I ſhould get it our, and mangle that
That all the deſtinies ſhould quite forget
Their fixt decrees, and haſt to make vs new,
For other fortunes, mine could not be worſe,
Wilt thou now leaue me?

Mar. God put into your boſome temporall thoughts,
Ile leaue you though I feare. *Exit Mar.*

Arb. Goe, thou art honeſt.
Why ſhould the haſtie errors of my youth
Be ſo vnpardonable to draw a ſinne
Helpeleſſe vpon me? ——

Enter Gobrias.

Gob. There is the King, now it is ripe.

Arb. Draw neere thou guilty man,
That art the author of the loathedſt crime
Fiue ages haue brought forth, and heare me ſpeake
Curſes incurable, and all the euils
Mans body or his ſpirit can receiue
Be with thee.

Gob. Why Sir doe you curſe me thus?

Arb. Why doe I curſe thee, if there be a man
Subtill in curſes, that exceedes the reſt,

His worſt wiſh on thee. Thou haſt broke my heart.

Gob. How Sir haue I preſerv'd you from a childe,
From all the arrowes, mallice or ambition
Could ſhoot at you, and haue I this for pay?

Arb. 'Tis true, thou didſt preſerue me, and in that
Wert crueller then hardned murtherers
Of Infants and their mothers; thou didſt ſaue me
Onely till thou hadſt ſtudied out a way
How to deſtroy me cunningly thy ſelfe:
This was a curious way of torturing.

Gob. What doe you meane?

Arb. Thou knowſt the euils thou haſt done to me,
Doſt thou remember all thoſe witching letters
Thou ſentſt vnto me to *Armenia*,
Fild with the praiſe of my beloued Siſter,
Where thou extolſt her beautie; what had I
To doe with that: what could her beauty be
To me? and thou didſt write how well ſhe lou'd me,
Doſt thou remember this, ſo that I doated
Something before I ſaw her.

Gob. This is true.

Arb. Is it, and when I was returnde thou know'ſt
Thou didſt purſue it, till thou woundſt me in
To ſuch a ſtrange, and vnbeleeu'd affection,
As good men cannot thinke on.

Gob. This I grant, I thinke I was the cauſe.

Arb. Wert thou? Nay more, I thinke thou mean'ſt it.

Gob. Sir, I hate a lie.
As I loue God and honeſtie, I did:
It was my meaning.

Arb. Be thine owne ſad Iudge,
A further condemnation will not need.
Prepare thy ſelfe to die.

Gob. Why Sir to die?

Arb. Why would'ſt thou liue, was euer yet offender
So impudent, that had a thought of mercy

After confeſſion of a crime like this?
Get out I cannot, where thou hurl'ſt me in,
But I can take reuenge, that's all the ſweetneſſe
Left for me.

Gob. Now is the time, heare me but ſpeake.

Arb. No, yet I will be farre more mercifull
Then thou wert to me; thou didſt ſteale into me,
And neuer gau'ſt me warning: ſo much time
As I giue thee now, had preuented thee
For euer. Notwithſtanding all thy ſinnes,
If thou haſt hope, that there is yet a prayer
To ſaue thee, turne and ſpeake it thy ſelfe.

Gob. Sir, you ſhall know your ſinnes before you doe 'em.
If you kill me.

Arb. I will not ſlay then.

Gob. Know you kilt your Father.

Arb. How?

Gob. You kill your Father.

Arb. My Father? though I know't for a lie,
Made out of feare to ſaue thy ſtained life:
The very reuerence of the word comes croſſe me,
And ties mine arme downe.

Gob. I will tell you that ſhall heighten you again, I am thy
Father, I charge thee heare me.

Arb. If it ſhould be ſo,
As 'tis moſt falſe, and that I ſhould be found
A baſtard iſſue, the diſpiſed fruit
Of lawleſſe luſt, I ſhould no more admire
All my wilde paſſions: but another truth
Shall be wrung from thee: If I could come by
The ſpirit of paine, it ſhould be powr'd on thee,
Till thou alloweſt thy ſelfe more full of lyes
Then he that teaches thee.

Enter Araxe.

Ara. Turne thee about,

I come to speake to thee thou wicked man,
Heare me thou tyrant.

Arb. I will turne to thee.
Heare me thou Strumpet: I haue blotted out
The name of Mother, as thou hast thy shame.

Ara. My shame, thou hast lesse shame then any thing;
Why dost thou keepe my daughter in a prison?
Why dost thou call her Sister, and doe this?

Arb. Cease thou strange impudence,
And answere quickly, if thou contemnest me,
This will aske an answere,
And haue it.

Ara. Helpe me gentle *Gobrias*.

Arb. Guilt dare not help guilt though they grow together.
In doing ill, yet at the punishment
They seuer, and each flies the noise of other,
Thinke not of helpe, answere.

Ara. I will, to what?

Arb. To such a thing, as if it be a truth
Thinke what a creature thou hast made thy selfe,
That didst not shame to doe, what I must blush
Onely to aske thee: tell me who I am,
Whose sonne I am, without all circumstance;
Be thou as hastie as my sword will be
If thou refusest.

Ara. Why you are his sonne.

Arb. His sonne?
Sweare, sweare, thou worse then woman damn'd.

Ara. By all that's good you are.

Arb. Then art thou all
That euer was knowne bad, now is the cause
Of all my strange misfortunes come to light:
What reuerence expectes thou from a childe
To bring forth which thou hast offended Heauen,
Thy husband and the Land: Adulterous witch
I know now why thou wouldst haue poyson'd me,

I was thy luſt which thou wouldſt haue forgot;
Then wicked mother of my ſinnes, and me,
Show me the way to the inheritance
I haue by thee: which is a ſpacious world
Of impious acts, that I may ſoone poſſeſſe it:
Plagues rot thee, as thou liu'ſt, and ſuch diſeaſes?
As vſe to pay luſt, recompence thy deede.

Gob. You doe not know why you curſe thus.

Arb. Too well:
Youe are a paire of Vipers, and behold
The ſerpent you haue got; there is no beaſt
But if he knew, it has a pettigree
As braue as mine, for they haue more diſcents,
And I am euery way as beaſtlie got,
As farre without the compaſſe of a law,
As they.

Ara. You ſpend your rage and words in vaine,
And raile vpon a gueſſe: heare vs a little.

Arb. No I will neuer heare, but talke away
My breath, and die.

Gob. Why but you are no Baſtard.

Arb. Howe's that?

Ara. Nor child of mine.

Arb. Stil you goe on in wonders to me.

Gob. Pray you be more patient, I may bring comfort to
You.

Ara. I will kneele.
And here with the obedience of a child;
Good Father ſpeake, I doe acknowledge you,
So you bring comfort.

Gob. Firſt know, our laſt King, your ſuppoſed Father
Was olde and feeble when he married her,
And almoſt all the Land as ſhe paſt hope
Of iſſue from him.

Arb. Therefore ſhe tooke leaue
To play the whore, becauſe the King was old:

Is this the comfort?

Ara. What will you find out
To giue me satisfaction, when you find
How you haue iniur'd me? let fire consume me,
If euer I were whore.

Gob. Forbeare these starts,
Or I will leaue you wedded to despaire,
As you are now: if you can find a temper,
My breath shall be a pleasant westerne wind,
That cooles and blasts not.

Arb. Bring it out good Father;
Ile lie, and listen here as reuerentlie
As to an Angell: If I breath too loud,
Tell me; for I would be as still as night.

Gob. Our King I say was old, and this our Queene
Desired to bring an heire, but yet her husband
Shee thought was past it, and to bee dishonest
I thinke she would not: if she would haue beene,
The truth is, she was watcht so narrowly,
And had so slender oportunities,
She hardly could haue beene: but yet her cunning
Found out this way: she fain'd her selfe with child,
And posts were sent in hast throughout the Land,
And God was humbly thankt in euery Church,
That so had blest the Queene, and prayers were made
For her safe going, and deliuerie:
Shee faind now to grow bigger, and perceiu'd
This hope of issue made her fear'd, and brought
A farre more large respect from euery man.
And saw her power increase, and was resolu'd,
Since she beleeued, she could not haue indeed;
At lest she would be thought to haue a childe.

Arb. Doe I not heare it well: nay, I will make
No noise at all; but pray you to the point,
Quicke as you can.

Gob. Now when the time was full,

Shee

She should be brought to bed, I had a sonne
Borne, which was you. This the Queene hearing of,
Moued me to let her haue you; and such reasons
She shewed me, as shee knew would tie
My secrecie, she swore you should be King.
And to be short I did deliuer you
Vnto her, and pretended you were dead,
And in mine owne house kept a funerall.
And had an emptie coffin put in earth,
That night this Queene fain'd hastily to labour
And by a paire of women of her owne,
Which she had charm'd, she made the world beleeue,
She was deliuered of you. You grew vp
As the Kings sonne, till you were sixe yeare old;
Then did the King dye, and did leaue to me
Protection of the Realme; and contrary
To his owne expectation, left this Queene,
Truely with childe indeed, of the faire Princesse
Panthea: then she could haue torne her haire,
And did alone to me, yet durst not speake
In publike, for she knew, she should be found
A Traitor; and her tale would haue bin thought
Madnesse, or any thing rather then truth.
This was the onely cause why she did seeke
To poyson you, and I to keepe you safe;
And this the reason, why I sought to kindle
Some sparkes of loue in you to faire *Panthea*,
That she might get part of her right againe.

Arb. And haue you made an end now? is this all?
If not, I will be still, till I am aged,
Till all my haires be siluer.

Geo. This is all.

Arb. And is it true say you too Madame?

Ara. Yes God knowes, it is most true.

Arb. *Panthea* then is not my sister.

Geo. No.

Arb. But can you proue this?

Gob. If you will giue consent, else who dares goe about it?

Arb. Giue consent?
Why I will haue 'em all that know it racke,
To get this from 'em, all that waites without,
Come in, what ere you be, come in, and be
Partakers of my ioy; O you are welcome.

Enter Bessus, Gentlemen, Mardonius, and other Attendants.

Mar. The best newes, nay, draw no nearer,
They all shall heare it, I am found no King.

Mar. Is that so good newes?

Arb. Yes, the happiest newes that ere was heard.

Mar. Indeed 'twere well for you
If you might be a little lesse obaide.

Arb. One call the Queene.

Mar. Why, she is there.

Arb. The Queene *Mardonius*? *Panthea* is the Queene,
And I am plaine *Arbaces*: goe some one,
She is in *Gobrias* house, since I saw you
There are a thousand things deliuered to me,
You little dreame of. *Exit a Gent.*

Mar. So it should seeme my Lord, what furies this?

Gob. Beleeue me, 'tis no fury, all that he saies is truth.

Mar. 'Tis very strange.

Arb. Why doe you keepe your hats off Gentlemen?
Is it to me? I sweare it must not be;
Nay, trust me, in good faith it must not be,
I cannot now command you, but I pray you
For the respect you beare me, when you tooke
Me for your king, each man clap on his hat
At my desire.

Mar. We will, you are not found
So meane a man, but thus you may be couer'd
As well as we, may you not?

Arb. O not here.
You may, but not I, for here is my Father
In presence.
Mar. Where?
Arb. Why there: O the whole story
Would be a wildernesse to loose thy selfe
For euer: O pardon me deare Father
For all the idle and vnreuerent words
That I haue spoke in idle moods to you:
I am *Arbaces*, we all fellow-subiects,
Nor is the Queene *Panthea* now my Sister.
Bes. Why, if you remember fellow-subiect *Arbaces*; I told you once she was not your Sister: I, and she lookt nothing like you.
Arb. I thinke you did good Captaine *Bessus*.
Bes. Here will arise another question now amongst the Sword-men, whether I be to call him to account for beating me, now he is proued no King.

Enter Lygones.

Mar. Sir, here's *Lygones*, the agent for the *Armenian* state.
Arb. Where is he? I know your businesse good *Lygones*.
Lyg. We must haue our King againe, and will.
Arb. I knew that was your businesse: you shall haue
Your King againe, and haue him so againe,
As neuer King was had: goe one of you
And bid *Bacurius* bring *Tigranes* hither;
And bring the Lady with him, that *Panthea*,
The Queene *Panthea* sent me word this morning,
Was braue *Tigranes* Mistresse. *Exit two Gent.*
Lyg. 'Tis *Spaconia*.
Arb. I, I, *Spaconia*.
Lyg. She is my daughter.
Arb. She is so: I could now tell any thing
I neuer heard: your King shall goe so home,
As neuer man went.

Mar. Shall he goe on's head?

Arb. He shall haue Chariots easier then ayre,
That I will haue inuented, and nere thinke
A shall pay any ransome, and thy selfe
That art the messenger shall ride before him
On a horse cut out of an intire Diamond,
That shall be made to goe with golden wheeles,
I know not how yet.

Lyg. Why I shall be made for euer?
They belie'd this king with vs,
And said he was vnkinde.

Arb. And then thy daughter,
She shall haue some strange thing, we'le haue the kingdome
Solde vtterly, and put into a toy,
Which shee shall weare about her carelesly
Some where or other. See the vertuous Queene;
Behold the humblest subiect that you haue
Kneele here before you.

Enter Panthea and 1 *Gent.*

Pan. Why kneele you to me that am your vassaile?

Arb. Graunt me one request.

Pan. Alas, what can I graunt you? what I can, I will.

Arb. That you will please to marry me
If I can proue it lawfull.

Pan. Is that all?
More willingly then I would draw this aire.

Arb. Ile kisse this hand in earnest.

2 *Gent.* Sir, *Tigranes* is comming, though he made it strange
At first, to see the princesse any more.

Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.

Arb. The Queene
Thou meanest. O my *Tigranes* pardon mee,
Tread on my necke, I freely offer it,
And if thou beest so giuen, take reuenge,

For

For I haue iniur'd thee.

Tig. No, I forgiue,
And reioyce more that you haue found repentance,
Then I my libertie.

Arb. Maieſt thou be happie
In thy faire choiſe, for thou art temperate,
You owe no ranſome to the ſtate, know that
I haue a thouſand ioyes to tell you of,
Which yet I dare not vtter till I pay
My thankes to heauen for 'em: Will you goe
With me and helpe me? pray you doe.

Tigr. I will.

Arb. Take then your faire one with you, and your queene
Of goodneſſe and of vs. O giue me leaue
To take your arme in mine: Come euery One
That takes delight in goodneſſe, helpe to ſing
Lowd thankes, for me that I am prou'd no King.

FINIS.